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The World Beautiful

Lilian Whiting

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William B. Cairns Collection

of

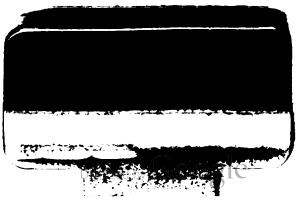
American Women Writers

1630–1900

William B. Cairns

Professor of English

University of Wisconsin-Madison



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SXV'79
1 thin pres. copy
with ALS.

To
Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole.
With the grateful regards
of —
Lilian Whiting.
Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Jan. 1895.

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THE

WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

BY

LILIAN WHITING.

'T is heaven alone that is given away;
'T is only God may be had for the asking.

LOWELL

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1894.

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TO

The Memory and the Ever-living Presence

OF

PHILLIPS BROOKS,

Bishop of Massachusetts,

AND "THE FRIEND AND AIDER OF ALL WHO WOULD LIVE IN THE SPIRIT,"

These papers are reverently inscribed by

LILIAN WHITING.

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THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

The Fairest enchants me,
The Mighty commands me,
Saying, "Stand in thy place
Up and Eastward turn thy Face,
So thou attend the enriching fate
Which none can stay, and none accelerate."

EMERSON.

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THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS.

AFTER all, it rests with ourselves as to whether we shall live in a World Beautiful. It depends little on external scenery, little on those circumstances outside our personal control. Like the kingdom of heaven, it is not a locality, but a condition. It is a spiritual state, and depends on our degree of receptivity to the influence of the Holy Spirit. We have all of us met persons whose very presence is a benediction; who harmonize and tranquillize those about them, and with whom we feel on a higher and serener plane. The world is distinctively the better for these benignant spirits; but such lives are not only to be enjoyed,

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not only to be recognized and appreciated, but to be lived as well. As the poet has it:

"Be thou the true man thou dost seek!"

If one admires the patience, gentleness, sweetness, and unfailing energy of another; if he finds himself renewed and invigorated and inspired by such contact, — why does he not himself so live that he may bring the same renewal and inspiration to others? The responsibility is on each and all of us to live on the ideal plane; to realize in outward action, in every deed and word, those qualities which we recognize as pertaining to the higher life. For it is these that produce the spiritual. And to live this higher life is to live in happiness, even in holiness. It is the life of peace and love and joy; it is the life of larger sympathies, and, as a result, of larger interests. The more liberal the sympathy, the more is the interest of life extended; and the more extended one's range of interests, the more does one multiply the means and resources of happiness.

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There has been of late a new form of philanthropic work which is known by the general name of "college settlements." It is simply for one individual, or several, to go into the poorer quarters of a city and live as a neighbor to the ignorant, the defective, the very poor, or the degraded. It is less a mission than it is a ministry, — the natural and informal ministry of right-doing. It is to found a home which shall be a standing object-lesson in better ways of living; which shall illustrate the beauty of order, of cleanliness, of gentle ways, of generous thoughtfulness, of friendly sympathy. The men and women who are doing this do not keep a house of correction, or a house of refuge, or an asylum of any kind. They keep a *home*. They do not go out into the highways and the byways to preach or to teach, ostensibly, but they endeavor so to order their lives as to give constantly the indirect teaching of example. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that to a greater or less degree they show forth the beauty of holi-

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ness. There is a twofold blessing in such living as this, — it blesses him who gives and him who takes, — and perhaps of all forms of humanitarian work it is the one best calculated to effect good results.

But if the larger number of people wait to make some specific change in life before endeavoring to realize their higher ideals in conduct, if a change of location and general rearrangement and readjustment of method and detail must precede the better living, then will it be more than likely to be indefinitely postponed.

Why, indeed, should not the principle of the college settlement be carried into living under the usual surroundings? Why not fill one's usual place in life, do one's usual work, — meet the customary duties, pleasures, courtesies, only meeting them from new motives, and inspiring the duties with higher purposes? It is not only the poor, the ignorant, or even the degraded, who need to have good done them; who need the sunniness of hope, the sweetness of content, the renewal of courage,

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the unfaltering devotion to heroism. People are not necessarily rich in happiness or in hope, because they live in more or less luxury of the material comforts and privileges of life. There is just as much need of the ministry of higher ideals to the comfortable as to the uncomfortable, to the intelligent as to the ignorant, to those who are reaching forward after truth and progress as to those who are receding from them. There is a vast amount of enthusiasm in the world over helping the unfortunate and defective and degraded classes, and so far as this zeal is genuine and discreet, it is to be commended; but the righteous as well as the sinner, the moral as well as the immoral, the refined as well as the rude, are not altogether unworthy some degree of both private and public consideration.

Unfailing thoughtfulness of others in all those trifles that make up daily contact in daily life, sweetness of spirit, the exhilaration of gladness and of joy, and that exaltation of feeling which is the inevitable result of mental peace and loving thought, — these make up

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the World Beautiful, in which each one may live as in an atmosphere always attending his presence.

Like the kingdom of heaven, the World Beautiful is within; and it is not only a privilege, but an absolute duty, so to live that we are always in its atmosphere. Happiness, like health, is the normal state; and when this is not felt, the cause should be looked for, just as in illness the causes should be scrutinized and removed.

Live in the sweet, sunny atmosphere of serenity and light and exaltation, — in that love and loveliness that creates the World Beautiful.

* * * * *

Nectar and Ambrosia.

Nectar and ambrosia should not be regarded as refreshment sacred only to festive occasions, but as human nature's daily food. It is the natural sustenance of life, not a luxury for an occasional holiday. It is the initial business and purpose of life to be happy; and, lest the mor-

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alist should object to this as a frivolous proposition, it may be added that it is that true happiness synonymous with holiness which is meant, — the quality of happiness that manifests itself in abounding energy and good-will, that radiates exhilaration and enthusiasm. This state should be regarded as the normal condition of life; and when one is below it, he should inquire into the reason, and see if it is not a result of causes which can be removed or changed. No one has any more right to go about unhappy than he has to go about ill-bred. He owes it to himself, to his friends, to society and the community in general, to live up to his best spiritual possibilities, not only now and then, once or twice a year, or once in a season, but every day and every hour. The aim of spiritual perfection is one that should never be lost from view.

For this state of positive exhilaration and enjoyment whose results are abounding energy and radiant good-will, no price is too great to pay. Emerson truly says that life is an ecstasy, and nothing less is really living. And to

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achieve this state requires new elements all the time. It may not always require change of location; material change is of little importance compared to that mental variety which is the secret of advancing life. To lay hold on new ideas, to climb to new spiritual heights, is the change which is growth and development, and which brings one into touch with new atmospheres.

To go about moping, depressed, blue, out of spirits in general, is to exist but not to live. It is the condition of a mollusk and unworthy a human being. Worry is a state of spiritual corrosion. A trouble either can be remedied, or it cannot. If it can be, then set about it; if it cannot be, dismiss it from consciousness, or bear it so bravely that it may become transfigured to a blessing.

A great deal of life is lost in getting ready, as is commonly believed, to live. To scorn delights and live laborious days; to bind one's self to an unceasing and unchanging routine, as Ixion to his wheel, for the sake of amassing money that some time, in a dim and abstract

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future, one may begin to live, — is simply to attempt building a superstructure without a foundation. Life stretches on like an endless chain, whose initial links we know not, nor yet those to come. But that we are each day the sum of all that we ever have been is a truth as undeniable as any of exact mathematics. We cannot skip a single link. One act, one mood, predetermines another.

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still." [1]

Now, happiness produces happiness. Enjoyment may be cultivated, and is, after all, largely a condition of habit. Precisely the same circumstances will yield delight to one and discontent to another, and no process of culture is so admirable as that which fosters the habitual mood of sunny enjoyment.

No price is too great to pay for the mood of inspiration. Draw out the money in the

[1] Epilogue to Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortunes.

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bank, if need be, and invest it in travel, change, books, social life; so shall its value return to you a thousandfold.

It will yield an interest on a richer investment than that of bank accounts; and not only interest, but interest compounded innumerable times and at an accelerated ratio. Acquire the habit of expecting success, of believing in happiness. Nothing succeeds like success; nothing makes happiness like happiness.

"The aim — at least in this way alone can I look at human life — is not to make rich and successful, but noble and enlightened men," says Bishop Spaulding. "Hence the final thought in all work is that we work not to have more, but to be more; not for higher place, but for greater worth; not for fame, but for knowledge. In a word, the final thought is that we labor to upbuild the being which we are, and not merely to build round our real self with marble and gold and precious stones. This is but the Christian teaching which has transformed the world. The end is infinite, the aim must be the highest.

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Not to know this, not to hear the heavenly invitation, is to be shut off from communion with the best, is to be cut off from the source of growth, is to be given over to modes of thought which fatally lead to mediocrity and vulgarity of life."

This plane of living is that on which alone true work is done.

And the nectar and ambrosia are offered us daily. We have only to recognize and receive. Life is the result of a process of selection; and he only is the true artist who chooses the finer elements and out of them creates his World Beautiful.

* * * * *

Believe in the Wings.

"My brother Charles, among the difficulties of our early ministry, used to say, 'If the Lord would give me wings, I would fly,'" related John Wesley. "I used to answer, 'If the Lord bids me fly, I would trust Him for the wings.'"

A more perfect commentary on life than that contained in these words would be hard

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to find; perfect in its truth and its applicability to daily affairs. Its significance is similar to that of Emerson's expression: "If a god wishes to ride, every chip and stone will bud and shoot out winged feet;" and each, in its own way, suggests the eternal power of the higher over the lower, and the creative strength of right purpose.

It is sometimes believed that conceit is rather a universal attitude of early life, and that, indeed, in inverse ratio to knowledge is the egotism that masquerades for knowledge. Yet it may be a question whether a still more serious defect of life does not lie in the failure to believe sufficiently in one's own powers, and in failing to develop their full possibilities. The firm conviction that one's own life is of absolutely no consequence to the world; that it is beyond one's power to make any impress on life; that beyond the family, and the nearer circle of friends, one's presence or absence, illness or health, death or life, is of no sort of consequence,—is the conviction that is at least as suicidal to worthy effort as could be the

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most flimsy conceit and exaggerated egotism. The deeper truth is that belief in one's powers to contribute something, at least, to the general life, is in no sense an undue estimate of his powers. It is, primarily, confidence in God. It is the humble but sincere desire that He will so shape our course, so direct our faculties, that we can enter, however feebly, into His great purposes. It is the belief so happily expressed by John Wesley, that "if the Lord bids me fly, I would trust him for the wings."

There is a class of people who are comparatively valueless to the world because of a certain morbidness which they are pleased to call sensitiveness. In reality it is nothing of the sort. It is self-love, — a refined variety of it, to be sure, but none the less is it the result of a selfishly subjective state, in which they look in and not out, and down and not up, and fail to lend a hand, — not from any real unkindness or unwillingness, but simply because they are looking in, and looking down, and do not see the opportunity. They

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will tell you they are "so lonely" and "so blue" and "so unhappy" and so exceedingly "misunderstood." Well, perhaps they are misunderstood and undervalued. Often it is true; often they are persons of fine susceptibilities (which they mistake for fine sympathies), and perhaps under different circumstances would reveal qualities of a higher kind than those they manifest. Environment is a very determining influence, and there are probably few of us who might not have been much worthier and much happier persons under circumstances quite different from the existing ones. To have been born to inherited wealth and culture and its extended opportunities would certainly seem to be a factor in advance over that of being born in a log cabin, and learning to read by the light of a pine knot. As a matter of actual record, however, the history of great lives puts a premium on the hardships and the pine knot.

But, speculation aside, our business, after all, concerns life as it is, and not as it might be. "Here, or nowhere, is thy kingdom." There

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is something supremely trivial in repining because, indeed, one is, or fancies himself, unhappy. Happiness is a very beautiful thing, — the most beautiful and heavenly thing in the world, — but it is a result, a spiritual condition, and is not predetermined by a bank account or by the flattering incense of praise. Appreciation, recognition, is a factor in happiness; but that, too, must be an indirect result, and not a conscious aim. A thoroughly noble work — be it picture or poem, or statue or statesmanship — will inevitably win and compel recognition; but if the worker looked only to that end, he could not do what was worthy the end. When one shouts to hear the echo of his own voice, it is not called eloquence.

Happiness, then, is a condition attained through worthiness. To find your life you must lose it. It is the law and the prophets. One's personal enjoyment is a very small thing; one's personal usefulness is a very important one. In one way or another the Lord bids us all to fly, and we have need to trust Him for the wings, and live in that in-

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timate and close relation to Him that alone can receive the divine guidance.

* * * * *

The Vision and the Splendor.

The Legend Beautiful is familiar to all, — that scene depicted by the poet's pen where the monk in his cell beheld the Vision, and questioned whether he should go to give the daily alms to the beggars at the convent gate, or should stay.

> "Would the Vision there remain?
> Would the Vision come again?
> Then a voice within his breast
> Whispered, audible and clear
> As if to the outward ear:
> 'Do thy duty; that is best:
> Leave unto thy Lord the rest!'"

Art and life are continually coming into juxtaposition rather than conjunction; and in this age of specialties the question more and more besets every earnest mind, Shall art be sacrificed to life, or shall life be sacrificed to art? Shall one insist upon his artistic isolation heedless of the human call, or shall he

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respond to the many voices that call to him, and neglect his art?

Though this problem confronts chiefly the thinker, the poet, the painter, the author, it is not wholly theirs. In a large degree it is the sphinx-like question to us all. Life and work conflict. "How can you find time to work?" said a cultivated and very active woman; "there is so much else to be done." Nor did she mean to imply any sarcasm or to perpetrate a *bon mot.* It was simply the honest expression of an honest opinion. There is so much general activity demanded of every one that to accomplish a special work outside this activity seems sometimes impossible; and if one sacrifice to the work all his part in the daily drama of life, does he do well or ill? Should he be artist first and man afterward, or the reverse? The question is a very practical one. How shall one wait for the voice and watch for the Vision?

The solution of this problem lies in absolutely one thing, — the perfect triumphant acceptance of the power of love and faith. We

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need to re-vitalize these words. Love to man and faith in God have been used as mere formalisms, and have thus lost much of their deeper significance. They have been recorded as passive states when they are, instead, active virtues. They form the magnetic atmosphere by means of which the soul receives of the creative magnetism inherent in divine life. And with this constant, overflowing love for humanity that is in spontaneous and sympathetic response to his needs; with this vital and exhilarating faith in the divine power that in some way all shall be wisely overruled if we but keep our "prow turned toward good," as Charlotte Cushman said she endeavored to do, — with this exquisite harmony about and within us, the perplexed problems of the days adjust themselves.

All men who have been greatest have been in closest touch with life. Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Dante, Goethe are among those whose names will readily recur as the greatest creative artists, who, nevertheless, lived in touch with the world, and drew from

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it such suggestiveness and insight that when the higher vision dawned on them they were able to relate it to the human need. The example of Tennyson is one to suggest much questioning. The greatest poet of the nineteenth century, he lived for his art, he sought seclusion and isolation. Whether he would have been more or less had he lived nearer humanity, is a question that cannot here be entered into; and the world is too grateful for what he gave it to seek to discuss any limitations, or imagine him unattended by the muse of solitude.

There is a vast amount of truth, however, in Dr. Holmes's felicitous assertion: "I do not talk to tell people what I think, but to find out what I think."

The clergyman, the essayist, the orator will appreciate the subtle truth of this assertion. The most cultivated man can often better find out what he thinks by conversation with even the uncultured mind than by solitude. Conversation is experimental; it is also creative, — it stimulates the mind to new energies and to new combinations of ideas.

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We live not only in an atmosphere composed of oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, but in one which is simply throbbing and pulsating and thrilling with vitality. It is life, all life, around us. This atmospheric vitality holds in solution all things. We may draw from it in every conceivable direction, and receive in a measure limited only by our capacity for receiving. Some radical thinker boldly asserts that even poverty is a disease, a defective condition, that can be cured by setting about it in the right manner. The adepts of India produce creations of various kinds out of the very air itself; and their explanation is that all the elements exist in the air, and that he who knows the secret of the laws governing the elements and their combinations can produce endless substances at will.

At all events, it is certainly true that success or failure can be predetermined by a mental mood; that an individual can *think* prosperity to himself, so to speak, just as certainly as he can put out his hand and reach a book on the shelf. The secret of life is to

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learn how to do this. It is to learn how to bring our own spiritual power, which is creative power, to bear on material conditions.

It can be done. "Real power is in silent moments," says Emerson. Circumstances, conditions, surroundings, are as plastic to the stamp of the mind as the clay is to the impress of the sculptor.

And this power is made up of two qualities, — love and faith. These seem to be best developed through human touch and attrition. So much love, so much force, and so much force born of love, so much power to create the conditions of one's life.

> "No perfect artist is developed here
> From any imperfect woman,"

said Mrs. Browning in Aurora Leigh. "An artist who lives for his art alone is a second-rate artist," says the young poet, Richard Hovey. Through many-veined humanity the power is won.

> "Do thy duty; that is best:
> Leave unto thy Lord the rest."

It is the voice of poet and prophet.

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Adelaide Anne Procter questions: —

"Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life,
That once seemed possible?"

And she answers: —

"We have, and yet
We lost it in the daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vain regret.
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been."

Not only is that true, but we may be now, in the present, that which we aspire to be, notwithstanding the interruptions and the daily demands. These are not obstacles nor hindrances, but sources of strength; or, rather, they become sources of strength when transformed by love and faith. Met with distrust and disturbance they bar the path; met with sunny faith they make themselves into stepping-stones. Why, it is the initial business of life to be happy. One should go about treading on air, and sip nectar and ambrosia. It is a

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beautiful thing to live. Life is a fine art; it is the supreme consummation of all the arts, the final finish and flower. Achievements are not the result only, nor even chiefly, of conscious labor; they spring triumphant from the power of thought brought to bear upon the elements out of which success springs. We all remember the legend of Friar Jerome and the Beautiful Book, how, when the monk left his work on the richly illuminated missal to answer the call of human needs, he found, on his return, that an angel had stood at his desk and wrought at the task all the time he had been absent.

The legend is typical of life. The painter leaves his canvas or his clay, or the poet leaves his poem, to fulfil claims that press upon him from humanity; and lo! the angel presence is there, and in some way we cannot explain the miracle is wrought. But it can only be wrought for those who keep their atmosphere magnetic with love and faith, for this is the only atmosphere into which spiritual force can enter and assert its power. Even the work

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of Christ himself was subject to conditions. "And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief," we read. "*Because of their unbelief*," — therein lies the significance. Even Jesus could not work in an atmosphere rendered negative by want of faith. Spiritual power, like electricity, must work through the conditions that conduct it.

Happiness and success are the normal condition of life, just as health is the normal, and disease and illness the abnormal condition. This happiness, like the kingdom of heaven of which it is the reflection, is within, not without. It is a spiritual state, but it works outward, and assists its own conditions. No one has any more right to go about moping and depressed and unhappy than he has to go about with ill-bred manners or unkempt toilette. One owes it to himself, to his friends, and the community in general, to live up to his best spiritual possibilities, not only now and then, on Sundays and holy days, but every day and every hour. Then shall the measure of time be found to be spiritual, not mechanical.

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Humanity is already on the very threshold of its higher development. We stand on the brink of such untold joys and deeper satisfactions that there is no room for repining or regret. Mental and psychic power is beginning to assert its potent sway. We are to live in enthusiasm and exaltation. In this new state we shall realize the transformation effected by this liberation of energy. If one pausing on a walk of twenty miles to care for or help a wayfarer, were, because of this delay, to be taken on board a lightning-express train and rushed swiftly on in a few minutes to his destination, he would not have cause to complain that he lost time by helping his brother, or that he failed of the achievement of his own work. The analogy holds true in all the complicated duties and demands of life. Do not fear to leave the Vision and the splendor. It will wait; it will shine again brighter than before.

"Do thy duty; that is best:
Leave unto thy God the rest."

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FRIENDSHIP.

No soul can ever truly see
  Another's highest, noblest part
Save through the sweet philosophy
  And loving wisdom of the heart.

I see the feet that fain would climb;
  You, but the steps that turn astray.
I see the soul, unharmed, sublime;
  You, but the garment and the clay.

PHŒBE CARY.

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THE ENLARGEMENT OF RELATIONS.

THE enlargement of social relations depends far less on opportunity than on sympathy. It depends to a very slight degree on travel, on sight-seeing, on the number of people, even, that one meets; but very largely on the power of coming into real relations with some of that number. Responsiveness, sympathy, receptivity, — these are the doors through which life enters to us and through which we go forth into life. On this power depend the conditions of success; and on it also depends conduct, which Matthew Arnold rightly designates three-fourths of life. The enlargement of all that range of feeling and thought which we call life does not lie in its external scenery. It is not, necessarily, the larger life to have a more imposing house, or finer apparel, or more dainty and luxurious surround-

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ings than our neighbor. These are accidental things that may, or may not, accompany it. They are no inherent factors of the perfection or the completeness of life. Enlargement is something more intimate, more permanent in its nature, more entirely dependent upon those qualities that make personality. In fact, if one comes to scrutinize it closely, the enlargement of life is gained by living so in harmony with the divine will — so at one with it — that one is receptive and responsive to every sweet influence. When the wandering wind finds out an Æolian harp, it becomes musical; but

> "Hornpipe and hurdy-gurdy both are dull
> Unto the most musicianly of winds."

Now this state of harmony with the divine forces is not one of mere negation. It is not one of mere passivity. It is the very highest positive state. It is simply magnetic with vitality. It is the ideal condition of life, and therefore the condition of supreme success. It is the condition of recognition and of vision.

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It is easy enough, however, for any of us to philosophize on what we should be; to discern the better conditions. The test is to realize them. And this is as practical a work as any labor of the hand. The initial step to be taken in any enterprise or endeavor is first to realize in one's self harmonious and receptive conditions.

Now the jars and discords come mostly from without; the harmony and sweetness must first be found within. If one is conscious of a fretful and discordant state, let him seek entire solitude, if only for a moment. Then call up the spiritual forces. Take a strong stand in the affirmative. "I and my Father are one." That is not merely a phrase of rhetoric or an assertion that Jesus alone could make. We may all make it. "I and my Father are one." He is the vine; we the branches. Demand to be taken into the true life, into one's own life. Do not merely *desire* to be at peace with all, to love all, but affirm that you are so. The love of God and all his creatures will set toward you till

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you are upborne on the current of divine magnetism.

> "His strength was as the strength of ten
> Because his heart was pure,"

writes the poet of Sir Galahad. Therein lies the true philosophy. The latter line explains *why* he had the tenfold strength. All life is truly such only as it exists in harmony with its environment. We are now entering into the spiritual age, — a fact that is just as true statistically as was that of the stone age or of the iron age. We have lived through the ages where the physical and then the intellectual powers were those most in harmony with the environment of the time. Now the environment is spiritual, and the spiritual faculties must be those developed. It is the age of supernaturalism, one may say, if we may so call that law just higher than the ordinary and familiar one, and quite as natural on its own plane. The supernatural, after all, is merely that the higher has taken the place of the lower. Emerson said, fifty years ago:

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"Our painful labors are unnecessary; there is a better way." Now we are coming into the actual knowledge of that better way. The soul that can hold itself in direct and responsive relation to the Infinite Love will command undreamed of potency. It will at once enter on the true enlargement of life.

No other possession of life holds such preponderating value as one's friends. All beside these are a part of the scenery of the external and temporal world; but friendships are of the eternal and the divine. It is these that give value and zest to life; that furnish it with interest, with charm, and with happiness. To be rich in friends is to be poor in nothing. It is to possess that infinite reservoir of what may be, for want of a better term, denominated capital in life, in that it predetermines success in whatever line of achievement one may choose to work. A range of warm and strong friendships creates the magnetic atmosphere that vitalizes every element within its influence, so that it is not that social enjoyments and companionships are

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in any sense interruptions to specific work, however important, but that they yield instead the very elements out of which it is best created. The genuine friendships of life are largely discovered, not acquired. We find them rather than make them. They are predestined relationships and are recognized intuitively.

"We meet — at least those who are true to their instincts meet — a succession of persons through our lives, all of whom have some peculiar errand to us," writes Margaret Fuller. "There is an outer circle whose existence we perceive, but with whom we stand in no real relation. They tell us the news, they act on us in the offices of society, they show us kindness and aversion; but their influence does not penetrate; we are nothing to them, nor they to us, except as a part of the world's furniture.

"Another circle within this are dear and near to us. We know them and of what kind they are. They are not to us mere facts, but intelligible thoughts of the divine mind. We like to see how they are unfolded; we like to meet them, and part with them; we like their action upon us, and the pause that succeeds and

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enables us to appreciate its quality. Often we leave them on our path and return no more, but we bear them in our memory, tales which have been told, and whose meaning has been felt.

"But yet a nearer group there are, beings born under the same star, and bound with us in a common destiny. They are not mere acquaintances, mere friends, but when we meet are sharers of our very existence. There is no separation; the same thought is given at the same moment to both; indeed, it is born of the meeting, and would not otherwise have been called into existence at all. These not only know themselves more, but *are* more for having met, and regions of their being, which would else have lain sealed in cold obstruction, burst into leaf and bloom and song.

"The times of these meetings are fated," she goes on to say, "nor will either one be able ever to meet any other person in the same way."

It is one of the paths to success and happiness in life, or rather it *is* success and happiness in itself, to be swiftly responsive to impressions of this character, to recognize the angel when he draws near. Dickens touched

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the deeper truth in this relation when he wrote that the people who have to do with us, and we with them, are drawing near; that our paths, from whatever distant quarters of the globe they start, are converging; and that what is set for them to do for us and for us to do for them, *will all be done.*

The fatalism of friendship might well be a subject for extended consideration. It *is* fate, — it is predestination, or it is nothing.

The friendships that are best worth having are those that come unsought. Suddenly we recognize the shining beauty before us, and life is invested with a divine radiance. The talent for making friends, or for discovering them, is a specific and distinctive one, and is perhaps the result of a combination of happy qualities; yet in any perfect friendship there is always the sense of the unexpected, the miraculous.

> Nor scour the seas nor sift mankind
> A poet or a friend to find.
> Behold, he watches at the door!
> Behold, his shadow on the floor!

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Friends discovered, not made.

Friends in any true and abiding sense, therefore, are in the nature of a discovery; but when discovered, it is because of a predestined spiritual relation that compels recognition and which transcends and dominates all temporary and external conditions or circumstances. Friendship of this order is as eternal as the spirit itself. It is a part of spiritual identity and simply cannot be destroyed. As things go with human beings in a finite world, it may be subjected to much jar and fret, and be thereby deprived of much of its inherent joy and exhilaration and the luxury of that sympathetic comprehension which, in its ideal state, would be perfect; but still it can endure this and not be destroyed because there is that in its nature which is of the divine order and therefore indestructible. Of course, this is that rarest order of friendship which comes not only not more than once in a lifetime, but perhaps not more than once among a hundred, or even a thousand lives. It is one of the heavenly mysteries, and cannot be accounted for by

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any earthly formula. It is, too, a relation for which the world has neither sympathy nor comprehension. "Oh, you idealize so-and-so," says society; "you see what is not there. You set up a chimerical creation of mere fancy, and fall down and worship it."

To listen to this is to turn away from the heavenly vision; to be deaf to the voices which the multitude cannot hear and which call to you alone. To idealize is not to follow a delusion, to mistake clay for alabaster, but it is to see more clearly, to discern that finer significance that he who runs may *not* read. It is only the exceptional nature that can be what the world calls idealized which is simply recognition for what is actually there, and not in the least a process of investing it with qualities it does not possess. It is the inner vision that sees "the beauties hid from common sight."

Any friendship that is worth the name is not in the least a matter of reason or choice, but rather of magnetism and temperament. It can bear almost everything of friction, jar,

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annoyance, or pain, — not, surely, without losing much of its divineness and sweetest joy, yet still it can bear them, — and still spring up again with renewed vitality. And as it is a wholly spiritual relation, it may not only spring up with renewed vitality from experiences that would simply exterminate and annihilate any lesser bond, but in the region where it lives — the miracle region of life — the renewal may be absolute regeneration as well, and transmute it into an infinitely higher condition, — purified, redeemed, from the elements that so nearly wrought its wreck and destruction. It may undergo a kind of resurrection hour, in which all baser elements are eliminated from the crucible in which it has been tried; sown in weakness, it may be raised in power. This experience, while exceptional, is possible, and depends upon the magnanimity and the generosity of the one who, of either, has the most to forgive, and the way in which the forgiveness is offered. A certain mingling of dignity and delicacy, with yet a liberal allowance of generosity and

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faith in a better future, go a great way in this regeneration of personal relations. One who receives this feels the responsibility upon him of proving not again unworthy this noblest of aid; and so the very springs of endeavor and aspiration are renewed, and there rises before his vision a new heaven and a new earth.

People talk lightly and carelessly of friendship when they do not know the meaning of the term; when they are not, themselves, the stuff of which friends are made; when they know less of the truth and trust and tenderness that the name implies than M. Flammarion believes that he knows of the emotions of the inhabitants of Mars. To exchange cards or calls or dinner invitations; to be members of the same club or the same church; to hold views in common as to Wagner operas and the drama as it is in Ibsen, — is no more friendship than it is politics or theology; although these relations, and others even more superficial, masquerade under its name. In its true sense friendship is a relation that defies analysis, defies explana-

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tion, and defies all the known laws of the chart of polite society, because it is grounded in something far deeper and more abiding. It is, when found, something to be held sacredly as the inestimable treasure of life, as its profoundest and most potent source of inspiration. It is something in which to believe as one believes in God. "The soul's emphasis is always right." Its insight is unerring, and its vision swift to discern that which is spiritual reality.

There are plenty of people fitted out with a good relay of substantial qualities and pleasing attributes, who are admirably calculated to fill the place of the extensive outer court of agreeable acquaintances. But that life alone is rich which holds one perfect friendship, in which mutual sympathy is mutual clairvoyance as well; in which sacrifice on either side would be luxury and not trial; in which the bond is indestructible because it is that of the spirit, and therefore divine and eternal.

It is quite useless "to strike leagues of friendship with cheap people where no friend-

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ship can be." People, like pictures, should have the advantage of a good light and of fair and true perspective. This is only simple justice. Many persons are like the pictures whose color is put on in the *décomposition du ton*, — the method that blends only at a certain focal distance. Seen too near, the canvas is all one blot and blur of shapeless smears of paint, without meaning or values; but go to the true focal distance, and, behold, the purple smear becomes a mountain range; the shapeless patches of blue or gray or rose become a sky and clouds; the red and green spots show as scarlet flowers in the grass, and the entire landscape is palpitating with light and throbbing with life. It is luminous and beautiful; the artist has fairly painted light as well as color. But all this is only to be felt and seen at the true focal distance. Another school of painting permits the closest scrutiny, but at a distance you miss the wonderful atmospheric effects and the light and life of the impressionist.

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There are people who correspond to each, — those who suffer by being seen too near, and those who may be seen to advantage in small details, but whose character or achievements when viewed in perspective are not impressive. Each must be given the advantage of the true light and the true focal distance.

Again, friendship, like love, must be largely taken "for better, for worse." It is idle to "throw over" a friend who in many ways gives you pleasant and agreeable companionship, because, indeed, you discover faults not at first perceived. If one waits to find perfection in his friend, he will probably wait long and live and die unfriended at last. The fine art of living, indeed, is to draw from each person his best. Friendship is in itself as fine an art as is music or painting or sculpture. Let the artist approach the keyboard, and what melodies does he evolve? Let the untrained and the ungifted come, and we have discords. The skilled fingers of the sculptor touch the clay into beauty of form and charm

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of suggestion; the painter, the poet, brings color and vision and power; but the one not endowed with the artist's genius produces discords, daubs, or meaningless rhyme. So with life. The individual gifted with tact, faith, sweetness, and charm creates the very qualities in which he believes and which he himself possesses. He "gets on" with people harmoniously. It is the exquisite result of high qualities.

Per contra, to be swift to discern the faults or follies of others does not argue the possession of superiority. It takes far less insight to discover defects than it does to discern noble and lovely qualities. "It requires a god to recognize a god." Noble people recognize each other intuitively. Of course there are persons with whom no friendship can be,—people who are cheap, petty, selfish, and self-seeking. One should not "strike leagues of friendship" with these, for with them no friendship can be.

Nothing is more fatal to friendly relations than complaints and reproaches and demands

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for explanations. People must be judged in the wholeness of their conduct. A thousand subtle influences, unexpected and unforeseen events, have their action and reaction on life. A thousand things occur that can neither be analyzed nor defined. Many a temporary alienation is effectively overcome by silence. Reproaches, questionings, but widen the gulf. Leaving it alone, taking up other interests and ideas, bridges it over. Then, too, if people would truly meet, it must be in an atmosphere above the merely personal and local and visible. By different and very diverse paths they may gain the same spiritual plane; and when there, meeting is inevitable. In fact, there is this element of inevitableness in all friendship worthy the name. It is not so much an achievement or an agreement as it is a predestined relation. Its strongest bond is charm. "Men talk of morals," says Emerson, "but it is manners that associate us." More deeply still, it is tastes that associate us. An expression that jars on one's sense of taste will undo in an instant all the influence or

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impression made by sterling virtues through a term of years. A defect in knowledge, or even in morals, can be condoned, but a defect in taste is hopeless. For its roots lie deep in temperament, in the lack of all that culture which is the result of a thousand subtle influences.

The defect in taste that results in fussiness, in want of consideration for others, in forgetfulness and carelessness in little things; that imposes upon the time, strength, or resources of other people, is a defect more inimical to friendship than is many a graver fault in morals. It implies lack of good breeding, lack of refinement, lack of a thousand essentials of daily intercourse.

Cheapness of nature can be redeemed only from one source,— that of the invisible power on the divine side of life. By seeking this in silence and concentration for a little time each day, all refinement and loveliness and charm can be achieved. It is the magic of life.

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A Psychological Problem.

Liking and not liking people is a condition whose causes refuse to be analyzed. It is a result that is, seemingly, independent of the usual processes, and like the fragrance of the rose is to be perceived and enjoyed, but not reduced to exact analysis. You do not like people because they are, specifically, rich or poor, great or obscure, brilliant or dull, learned or ignorant, but for some reason that goes deeper than each or all of these. Nor, indeed, do you always, nor by any means, care most for the people who are kindest to you, and least for those who are less thoughtful. For liking, regard, friendship, — whatever form or degree the feeling may assume, is independent of gratitude. It is very possible to feel a deep sense of obligation, a very strong and sincere gratitude, quite independent of and apart from a strong personal liking.

There are persons — we all know them — who do us good and not evil in all visible and ostensible ways; who are always agreeable so far as outward manner and words go, and to

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whom we are and should be grateful; yet whom we hold in a curiously instinctive distrust. It is a distrust, or even a dislike, that we will not confess to ourselves; that we do not, as a matter of conscience or intelligence, admit that we feel, but all the same it is there, and neither reason nor philosophy can wholly eradicate it.

Perhaps the real quality for which we most deeply care in people is responsiveness, and this is an affair of temperament. It is also a matter of mutual relation. A may be responsive to B, while he is not in the least so to C, and while B and C are by no means responsive to each other. It seems to be a spiritual relation, predetermined and foreordained, and quite beyond the influence or the compulsion of mortal existence. It is or it is not, and, apparently, you have yourself nothing to do with the matter one way or the other.

Of course there is plenty of getting on in the social world that has no possible relation to the inner springs of feeling. Social con-

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tact is for the most part superficial, and governed by laws of ceremonial etiquette. Only the barbarian is rude to persons he does not like. A high degree of civilization, while it is not, necessarily, synonymous with Christian feeling, simulates its code. Courtesy is not Christianity, but is its imitation. While the latter enjoins that one love his neighbor as himself, the former enjoins only that one shall *appear* to love his neighbor as himself. Nor is courtesy to be despised, even if it exist only as veneer. True courtesy implies a great many very real virtues of self-restraint, gentle consideration, and patience, even if it does not imply love. And that is the quality beyond our power to compel. We are under obligation to give entire courtesy always to our neighbor, but to give him love is beyond any power unless it gives itself. We do not love people because they are good to us, or because they give us things or do us favors, or because they are beautiful or rich or famous or learned, — because they possess this, that, or the other, — but because — we cannot tell why.

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"Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought."

And it is feeling that governs the genuine liking, — the eternal, predetermined, foreordained friendship.

You may realize that in conversation you find the chief entertainment and the highest social enjoyment; and still there is So-and-so, whom you never remember hearing say anything out of the ordinary line, yet whose presence is perpetual joy. He may remark that it rained yesterday and that the sun shines to-day, and yet the commonplaceness entertains you more than would the brilliant conversational pyrotechnics of another. In fact, you care nothing for what he *says*, — it is what he *is*. If he said nothing, he would enchant the hours for you all the same. So that, although conversation is to you the greatest of joys, it is not, evidently, the supreme attraction in this rare relation of deep and genuine liking.

Nor does presence and familiarity dull its glamour, nor absence and time efface the spell.

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It is the rapture of life that is new every morning and fresh every evening. It is that glory of light that never was on sea or land. It is the ecstasy of recognition, and is due wholly and solely to intuitive insight.

Psychical science has quite conclusively established the truth of our complex personality, and it designates one of these selves as the higher self. This higher self is to our apparent self, as daily manifested on its lower plane of life, as is the ideal to the actual. In plant growth every leaf and bud is seen to have an ideal towards which it tends. In humanity each individual has this ideal self, even though sometimes so overlaid and overshadowed with the material and the unworthy, with the transient and the trivial, as to fail of being discernible. What does Browning say in "A Toccato of Galuppi"?

> "The soul, surely, is immortal — *where a soul can be discerned.*"

It is not invariably the case that a soul *can* be discerned.

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This point aside, however, it is more than a question if this swift recognition, this intuitive, rapturous liking that we all instantly feel for some people, and that no aggregation of good qualities will yet inspire us with for others, — it is more than a question if this is not the intuitive recognition of the higher self of the individual. What you love in your friend is not himself, as ordinarily seen or estimated, but his higher self, that few see, or that you alone discern. It is to his higher self that you are responsive, and it is that which in some mysterious manner is responsive to you. What he is to the world, or the world to him, you do not care. It is what he is to you that is of importance.

It is possible, nay, it is easy, to feel very kindly toward one whose presence in the sense of companionship is distasteful and hard to endure. It is not specifically because he is rich or poor, or great or unknown, good or bad, fashionable or unfashionable, learned or simple. For the fact of liking transcends all these things, and

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defies exact analysis. Dr. Fell's theory is what we all come back to at last. You may *love* a person out of that higher state of being we call the Christian life; but you can only *like* him from reasons of temperamental adaptability. The friend one likes and cares for in the sense of companionship, who can never come too often nor stay too long, with whom presence is always a joy and solitude a sympathy, — such friends as these are ours purely by right of temperamental accord. One's friendships in the sense of one's personal enjoyments are matters of sympathy, of tastes, of mutual experiences, of culture, of habits, and general scope of life, — a whole world, indeed, into which only the initiate can enter, and whose atmosphere can neither be translated nor communicated to those who are not in it and of it. They belong to the sphere of life which is found and not made. "That man is my friend whom I encounter on the line of my own march," says Emerson; "to whom I do not decline and who does not decline to me, but, native of the same atmosphere, holds always the same place."

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The Supreme Luxury of Life.

After all, say what we will, the one supreme luxury of life is sympathetic companionship. Friendship is a comprehensive term, and to a considerable degree comprises those relations of friendly feeling which are given, which should be given, freely and widely, but which do not, necessarily, involve the element of companionship. One may give all good feeling and good wishes, and be quite willing to give occasional time to the individual whom, after all, for his own pleasure alone, purely as a personal matter, he would never long to see. Because it is only companionship that can be absolutely desired and longed for, and those who give it in any measure are comparatively few, and those who give it in perfect measure still more rare.

In this the vital quality is perfect mutual understanding. It is the quality the Italians exquisitely express as that of being *simpatica*. It cannot be defined nor acquired, because it is a temperamental relation. It is or it

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is not, and its origin is prior to all our questioning.

Among its attributes are similarity of experiences. To care for the same authors or the same plays or the same range of human interests does not necessarily create sympathetic companionship, though it is safe to say it never exists without this. And still in no dead level of accord is it found. The likeness of differences is more attractive than the likeness of similarities.

But there is a conversational freemasonry that exists in a kind of foreordained way, and which people do not make, but simply discover. To like or dislike Wagner's music, Signora Duse's acting, Pierre Loti's romance, Gladstone's statesmanship, Mr. Henley's poetry, the Dutch Sensitivists, the French Symbolists, — to espouse one side or the other of the vexed questions of the day, is not so much the point as it is to flash back opinion and repartee and comment on these existing phases of art and criticism. The world would be far duller than it is if there were not some one

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to retort, when you assert so-and-so of French Impressionism, "Ah, but don't you know that Monet himself thinks" this or that? or who revises your wavering recollection of Marten Maarten's latest poem, or sets your denunciations or ecstasies to a new key, by the flash of wit or raillery or knowledge. All this makes the freemasonry of that atmosphere we name culture, and which is an unconscious result, and not at all a matter of ethics or determination. It is this play and freedom and brightness and spontaneousness that make the true social equality. For social equality is never determined, in its finest and most enduring sense, by rank, or wealth, or even knowledge, but by culture. In this exquisite sympathy of companionship lies the true luxury of life.

And the social luxury becomes the spiritual necessity. To receive happiness and to give it are equal in the just measure for measure. To one who is, for instance, in the rôle of host there can be no more bitter rebuke than to have any guest or even chance caller go out

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from the portals with the feeling that he is sorry that he came, — that he is depressed rather than uplifted, saddened rather than gladdened, and in the mood of discord rather than that of harmony. For all personal association, whether permanent or transient, whether prearranged or a matter of accidental contact, should leave behind it a lingering charm, as of something sweet and gracious, — a deeper sense of the possible exaltations and loveliness of life. When any meeting does not do this, some one is to blame. One or both is not giving of his best, and not to do this is a wrong to society in general. No one is living aright unless he so lives that whoever meets him goes away more confident and joyous for the contact. Faith in all ultimate good should be so vital that it can communicate itself, as with a vibratory impulse, to others. There should be such gladness and joy in life that all may partake of it. "There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best," says Dr. Drummond. "While with them we cannot think

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mean thoughts, or speak ungenerous words. Their mere presence is elevation, purification, sanctity. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find music in our souls that was never there before."

Now, it is not only a possible ideal in life to conceive of evolving harmonies of spirit in this way; it is the absolute Christian duty of every thoughtful man or woman. It is a simple obligation laid on every one, —

> "To make the world within his reach,
> Somewhat the better for his being,
> And gladder for his human speech."

To attain this art of living is to attain happiness. It is only a matter of spiritual serenity and exaltation. Be glad in the Lord; that is, so find your environment in aspiration and generous out-giving that you may live and breathe and have your being in this magnetic atmosphere of sweetness and joy. Experience it and radiate it.

There is no mental attitude more disastrous

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to personal achievement, personal happiness, and personal usefulness to others than that of despondency. "I will expect nothing,"— of that nothing comes; it is spiritual suicide and intellectual negation. "I will expect everything: I will believe and be glad in the untold richness of life,"— of that comes everything. Faith creates the conditions in which the noble purpose may take root and grow; but we utterly neutralize all our own potentialities by doubt and despondency.

It is a law of science that sound cannot travel through a vacuum, — the sound waves require the atmospheric conditions for their vibration; and this may serve as an analogy that through the spiritual vacuum made by unfaith no divine aid can pass.

It is love that is life, — so much love, so much vitality. It is measure for measure. The only life that is found is the life that is lost. If one would be happy, let him forget himself and go about making some one else happy.

"Is not the life more than meat?"

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The life is so infinitely above being made or marred by material things that one almost marvels at the esteem, the actual reverence, indeed, in which mere things are held.

> "Things are in the saddle,
> And ride mankind,"

lamented Emerson. But one may refuse to be ridden by things, he may refuse material limitations and denials; he may assert his integral power of spiritual potency. So entirely is the giving way to despondency a species of spiritual suicide that one should regard the tendency in himself as one of actual and positive wrong. There is a sensitiveness that is very nearly akin to selfishness. It is the self-centred, the self-contemplating quality, not infrequently met in refined natures, but one that is still incompatible with the best quality of life. Personal happiness comes, not by seeking it specifically, but by seeking that nobler quality of living that produces it as a result.

Let one lay hold on life, — the life of the spirit. Let him rejoice in the Lord. The

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term is not a mere rhetorical figure; it is literal and true. The Lord is the giver of life; in his presence are joy and exaltation. The life of materiality is friction and discord and depression. The life of the spirit is joy and peace and exaltation, — the charmed life. And the test is "not religiousness, but Love," the life of love. The test is to diffuse around one joy and gladness and uplift of spirit, — to evolve the nobler harmonies of life.

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OUR SOCIAL SALVATION.

We are not strong by our power to penetrate, but by our relatedness. The world is enlarged for us, not by new objects, but by finding more affinities and potencies in those we have. . . . It is not talent, but sensibility which is best: talent confines, but the central life puts us in relation to all. . . . Feel yourself, and be not daunted by things. — EMERSON.

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EXCLUSIVENESS AND INCLUSIVENESS.

IT is frequently remarked that a certain individual is "very exclusive;" or that certain society, supposed to comprehend within itself many desirable qualities, is "a very exclusive society." The expression is invariably held to be of the most complimentary nature imaginable, and the *grande dame* who could achieve the reputation of being the most exclusive of her time was the grandest dame of all!

Still more remarkable was a local article on Old Trinity, New York, in the columns of the "New York Herald," in which the writer evidently intended to express himself in the most complimentary terms regarding this church, and he therefore described it as "the most wealthy and *exclusive* church in New York."

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But why "exclusive"? the average reader would inquire. Is the ministry of the gospel to be judged by a curious social standard that holds up *ex*clusiveness rather than *in*clusiveness as a cardinal virtue? And whom does it exclude? Is it the poor only who are excluded, because it is, as its chronicler describes, a "wealthy" church? Or is it the absolutely sinful and immoral who are excluded from the teaching of Him who declares that He came to save sinners? Or is it the ill-clad or the ill-bred, or the people who, though sufficiently well-to-do, and well-clad and well-bred, are still not "in society"? It would be interesting to learn just what people or class of people are excluded by an "exclusive" church.

The attribute of exclusiveness has for a long time masqueraded under the highest and choicest pretensions. Is it not time to prick the bubble of a most absurd fallacy, — of one utterly out of keeping with the spirit of the age, one at variance with every Christian grace and every better impulse of gentle

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breeding, and show it for what it is, — as a term denoting defective social sympathy, limited intellect, absurd pretension, and colossal conceit.

To be exclusive is to exclude. Now, the note of the day, in all its higher and nobler trend of thought, is to *in*clude, to share, to communicate.

When will arise the *grande dame* of society sufficiently secure in her grandeur to assume the *in*clusive rather than the *ex*clusive position, — one whose social aspirations will take the form of outgoing generous sympathies and liberal recognition and sunny stimulus, — one of whom her admirers will say, as the highest praise they can bestow, that she "is one of the most *in*clusive women of society"?

The truth is that *any* one can be *ex*clusive. It requires, to be sure, a petty brain, and a cold and narrow heart, and a lack of sympathy and imagination, and a very distorted and exaggerated opinion of one's self; still, all these qualities can be cultivated, if this is the true social ideal to be held before human-

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ity, and their successful cultivation by all the communicants of a "wealthy and exclusive church" would doubtless enable the church itself to become most highly and rigidly exclusive. The only question is, *Is* this the true ideal?

Emerson has remarked that "exclusiveness excludes itself." All that we keep out, we go without. If we admit no one, we deprive ourselves of every one. If we admit a few, in order that we may lay that flattering unction of exclusiveness to our souls, we exclude the many. *Cui bono?* Or on the plane of the intellectual rather than the plutocratic aristocracy, is there no pleasure in the society of people who have not written a book? It takes, or rather it *should* take, — it is not safe to assert that it invariably does, — some good degree of knowledge to write; but there is much to be said for that portion of the community who know enough *not* to write a book. On the whole, literature does not comprehend within itself all the intellect of the world nor all the intellectual activity.

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There is a great universal love which the world only dimly comprehends. There is a transcendent greatness of life into which every soul may and should enter. There is the joy of possessing, and the infinitely greater joy of sharing all spiritual possessions. If you have greater knowledge, better manners, finer culture, do not exclude those who have less, but *in*clude and share, and thus find in it its divinest sweetness. Exclusiveness is the attribute of the barbarian, the savage, or the defective person. Why should it be affected by those whose greatest glory should lie in the inclusiveness of all human aid and human affections!

And all absolute judgment of people is erroneous, because character is an ever-living and ever-growing force. The man who was unworthy five years ago may be most worthy to-day, and he may have been enabled to attain a state of worthiness by means of one who did not pose as an exclusive, but whose noble convictions and generous ardor led him "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."

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Is it not true that it is not exclusiveness which is great, but rather the power to so touch and inspire the best qualities of others, to develop and quicken these, that they shall grow worthy of *in*clusiveness? Even to be common is less vulgar than to be snobbish; to be capable of appreciation and reverence is higher than to be only capable of severe criticism; to give always of one's best, — these are the qualities that most unvaryingly characterize the spirits finely touched but to fine issues.

All the same it is true that while errors, faults, even crimes, may be forgiven and condoned, a defect in taste cannot be. This may seem on the surface a flippant and superficial thing to say, and something to be tolerated only as a paradox, — a sentiment, indeed, that, looked at seriously and rationally, has not sufficient consistency for cohesion; but a deeper consideration will reveal its eternal truth.

A fault of taste, either in language or manner, is rooted in personality. It is the ex-

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ternal manifestation of an internal defect. It reaches back into heredity, environment, individuality. It is not the result of an impulse of the moment, of a flash of temper, or some erratic and temporary emotion; it is simply a thing that reveals the grain of life, its very quality.

There is something in being too fine for the world's coarser uses, too fastidious for associations that jar on the more delicate and exacting sense of the external fitness of things. Such a temperament should have its due respect, and perhaps may well be allowed to see its visions and to dream its dreams. To attain its own individual possibilities it absolutely requires a certain amount of guarding and shielding from ruder forces, and it is useless to call on it for the heroic, for that is not in its *métier*.

But while such a nature should have its due respect, it is not entitled to an undue portion. Its defects are not to be mistaken for some finer and more or less incomprehensible kind of virtues. To be unable to bear any degree of

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average contact with the world is not, necessarily, to be altogether superior to the world. It depends. It is a great misfortune to any one to conceive and cherish the idea that he is not as other men are; that he is of finer clay and of a superior order of nature, and requires certain special dispensations of life and a particular ordering of events in relation to himself to enable him to endure this mortal pilgrimage at all. It is a misfortune, first, because it is difficult to persuade a sufficient number of persons of this conviction to insure the desired comfort of his life: and, secondly, because, if a large proportion, or even all with whom he comes in contact were so persuaded, it would so isolate him in an atmosphere of selfishness that his better nature would be absolutely stifled and dwarfed, and in time killed, — if that immortal part of us which is our better nature can die. There is not, however, much danger that a very alarming proportion of humanity will unite in this view of the being who feels himself alien to them; and such a belief on his own part,

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unsupported by others, produces a scarcely veiled antagonism which sets one ajar with life. It hinders his best development, and is a serious barrier to his usefulness. There is a sense in which fastidiousness and selfishness are almost synonymous.

This question, indeed, involves a problem which is of a very practical nature. The social life of the day — using the term "society" in its large and general sense — is tending more and more to organization. There is no idea, no theory held that does not immediately become the nucleus of some club or society. Those who support the idea or the cause naturally gravitate to it, and the hourly proverb about the strange companions that poverty makes applies as well to the singularly incompatible personal associations often enforced by means of A's and B's devotion to the same idea.

Now it is very possible to have a true enthusiasm for ameliorating the condition of the Jews in Russia, or exterminating the saloon from the face of the earth, or giving lovely

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woman the ballot, or to place the railroads of the nation under government control without being precisely able to love your neighbor as yourself, — or, at least, to love *all* your neighbors as yourself, — simply because they, too, have sympathetic fervors towards the Russian Jews, and hold convictions regarding the duty of the government.

In the clubs formed purely on the intellectual or literary basis, there is a strong presumption of sympathy in the beginning. People who unite in liking Dante must have a good deal in common with each other. Those who are drawn together by a common desire to pursue literary culture in this form are those that have mutual tastes and appreciations to a great degree.

Not necessarily is this true of the workers for some great reform. Emerson and Mrs. Childs have told us of the ludicrous incongruity of the antislavery workers, whose ranks included Garrison and Phillips on the one hand, and the most extraordinary specimens of humanity on the other hand. What then?

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Does the refined and courtly and polished Phillips withdraw from a cause he holds sacred because he is partly supported in the company of boors? Assuredly not.

For while there is much to be said, and due recognition to be given, to the refinement that is too fine for crude and common contact, there is more to be said for that refinement which is so fine that it can go among the coarsest, which is so perfected that it can endure and withstand and indeed be impervious to any rudeness or crudeness; a refinement that is not a merely decorative attribute of character, but that can go into the coarse and common life and inspire it with a suggestion of something better, — that can spiritualize all with which it comes in contact.

Fastidiousness, that left alone degenerates into selfishness and aloofness, is, when inspired by the enthusiasm for humanity, redeemed to the refinement that lifts up others to its own high level.

Surely it is better to go into the highway and the byway, and love men, and serve them,

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and contribute an endeavor, be it much or little, to make the world a better place than it is to wrap ourselves in the mantle of a fondly fancied superiority, and reject all contact with the great and the common daily currents of life.

* * * * *

Through Scorning Nothing.

There is a profound truth at the bottom of Mrs. Browning's assertion that —

> "Poets become such
> Through scorning nothing."

There is no quality which is more corrosive to all true life or endeavor than that of contempt. Nor does it spring from any superiority of character or gifts, however fondly one who manifests it may lay that flattering unction to his soul. Contempt is not the product of spiritual affluence, but of spiritual poverty. It is the great nature, not the narrow one, that is keenest in discernment and that is most swift to recognize all that is fine or noble in any effort. There is no criti-

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cism so severe, so carping, as that of the person who could least accomplish the work he views with such disdain. So true is this that absolute denunciation is almost invariably the product of absolute ignorance.

There is a phrase much in use in the world of letters, that of creative criticism. It is a branch of literary art second only to that of poetry; and when a literary review or art criticism is written by a master in this phase of expression, the reader gains not only a clear and discriminative idea of the work discussed, but also much collateral knowledge of a positive kind. The merely negative writing that points out errors or failures is of little value in comparison with the positive kind that, while revealing these, also discloses the accompanying excellences, and the means and measures of a true success.

The analogy holds true in life. The critic of character who can only point out weakness and mistaken endeavor is, at most, of a negative value in progress. If to the keen vision for defects he adds contempt for the

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defects he discovers, his criticism on life has the effect to paralyze human endeavor. It requires some ability to see reasons for doubt; but it always requires more ability, and that of a higher order, to see reasons for belief.

It is an important factor in social harmony to learn to accept people for what they are, rather than to find fault because they are not something else. You may be, at times, bored by the too ardent devotion and profuse demonstrations of a regard which clothes itself in all variety of material forms, and showers upon you an accumulating avalanche of visible remembrances. You grow tired of too great subjectivity, and long for the plane of the rational and the impersonal. And still the emotional warmth of friendship is not so common that one can afford to banish it or altogether ignore its claims. The ideal friend, who blends the wide outlook on life and activity in its larger and more permanent interest with the higher possibilities of personal thought and tenderness, is too rare to serve as a prototype. One extreme is found in one

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person and the other in some one else, and rarely are they united in the same nature. But there is wisdom in accepting people as we do pictures, and placing them in the right light.

There are few characters or few pursuits that will excite the contempt of one who views them seriously, and sees them in their larger relation to life as a whole. Character is not a fixed and definite creation, — that is, at any time ever made, — but it is always making. It is continually in evolution. There are usually latent possibilities to be considered. There is always the possible inflorescence.

The mental attitude of contempt towards any phase of human activity not only represses or even paralyzes the energy of its object, but it is almost equally fatal, too, to one who habitually cultivates this state of reflection. It is only abounding love and trust and faith that produce abounding energy. To him who believes in nothing, nothing can exist. It is the exhaustion of the spiritual atmosphere.

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The Woman of the World.

The woman of the world and the worldly woman wear their rue with a difference. Between them there is a great gulf fixed, — a gulf that separates worldly knowledge from worldly ambition. Worldly knowledge is desirable; worldly ambition is despicable. The one may be, and should be, noble; the other could, by no trick of transformation, be other than ignoble. Worldly knowledge is safety. A life without it is left largely adrift to the chance forces of destiny.

"They shall safely steer who see."

And sight is always better than blindness. Ignorance and innocence are not altogether synonymous. The innocence of knowledge is higher.

"Blind endeavor is not wise;
Wisdom enters through the eyes,
And the seer is the knower, —
Is the doer and the sower."

By the truer interpretation a woman of the world is not a worldly woman at all. It

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requires far higher qualities than the selfishness and materialism that make the worldly woman, to make one whose breadth of view, liberal sympathies, mental poise, and felicitous judgment fit her to be a woman of the world. It is she who is the leader in all good works. It is she who perceives needs and comprehends the relative importance of events. Her horizon is wide, her insight swift as light and as unerring, and her sentiment never degenerates into mere sentimentality. She is a woman who can think as well as feel, and who lives in the clear upper air of intellectual greatness. A knowledge of the fundamental forces of life, of its finer possibilities and larger worth, saves her from the emotional plane of fanaticism. She acts from reason and intelligence, and has sufficient experience or intuition — the one apt to be true as the other — to realize that the good of others is, for the most part, to be achieved incidentally rather than by any direct and specific effort. The individual who sets out with a conscious purpose to do good, rather than

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fulfil his initial duty to *be* good, is apt to degenerate into a prig and a bore. It is much the wiser course to strengthen and build up the good than it is to denounce the evil. To help people to help themselves, rather than increase their dependence by emotional regrets, is far the more effective.

The worldly woman has no permanent place in social life; she is kaleidoscopic and unstable. Self-interest is a poor anchor; but it is all the one she has, and a corresponding insecurity of character is the result. One only lives worthily by living for something higher than immediate personal concerns. The mere worldly ambition, even when realized, is a kind of Dead Sea fruit, that turns to ashes at the touch.

But a knowledge of the world is essential to a wise use and direction of life. It is this which gives vision; and by vision one looks forward and attracts new and potent forces of growth. Thought is the one potent force. The woman of the world, with wide knowledge and fine culture, recognizes this spiritual

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law, while the worldly woman knows only the present hour, and has no vision of the larger destinies.

* * * * *

The Potency of Charm.

The quality of charm is the most potent of any characteristic of humanity and the least definable. It is that which is most swiftly perceived and most impossible to describe. It is neither the direct result of learning or goodness or accomplishments, nor any specific gift or grace, and still it includes the essential element in all these. There are persons who may possess every cardinal virtue, so far as known, but whose lack of the one quality of charm renders all else without value to one susceptible to this finer art. Charm is temperamental. It is born, and not made. It is a gift, not an acquirement, and is developed by fine influences in early life. Associations in the impressionable period of childhood and early youth leave their ineffaceable stamp. In so far as the individual possesses the ideal and

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the artistic temperament, the poetic and imaginative as distinguished from that which is merely æsthetic and clever, so far he possesses this magic gift of charm. The practical and executive type of people may be, and often are, entitled to respect, consideration, — what one will; but they are fatally lacking in the element that transcends all virtues or acquirements in its magic potency. The great defect in the education of the day is a predominant tendency to the utilitarian basis: as if doing were, in some mysterious way, higher than being. Nothing is more remote from the truth. A little margin for the stillness and leisure of growth — the time to think — is the only corrective for the rush and stress of practical life. The life of a certain type of individuals — who subsist on public meetings, committee consultations, cast-iron and well-regulated work in the charities, and strongly defined theories of education — is the life of penal servitude. There is no room left in it for the grace and poetry and exaltation of living. Specific public duties have their

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place; but it is, after all, in the private life of the day, in the more personal influences and immediate relations, that the chief concern lies. To idealize this daily life and to make it worth idealizing is the secret of that mysterious attraction called charm. What is meant by culture, says Mr. Mallock, is seen in one "on whom none of the finer flavors of life are lost; who can appreciate, sympathize with, criticise all the scenes, situations, sayings, or actions around him, — a sad or happy love affair, a charm of manner and conversation, a beautiful sunset, or a social absurdity. . . . I don't call a woman cultivated who bothers me at dinner first with discussing this book and then that, — whose one perpetual question is, 'Have you read So-and-so?' But I call a woman cultivated who responds, and who knows what I mean, as we pass naturally from subject to subject; who by a flash or a softness in her eyes, by a slight gesture of the hand, by a sigh, by a flush in the cheek, makes me feel as I talk of some lovely scene that she too could love it, — as I speak of love

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or sorrow, makes me feel that she herself has known them; as I speak of ambition, or *ennui*, or hope, or remorse, or loss of character, that all these are not mere names to her, but things. The aim of culture is to make the soul a musical instrument which may yield music either to itself or to others, at any impulse from without; and the more elaborate the culture, the richer and more composite the music. . . . The aim of culture is to make us better company as men and women of the world. . . . A woman may have had all kinds of experience, — society, sorrow, love, travel, remorse, distraction, — and yet she may not be cultivated. She may never have recognized what her life has been. To turn this raw material into culture, we must come to art, to poetry. Poetry is the developing solution of life. It is that magic mirror in which we see our life surrounded with issues viewless to the common eye. The smell of autumn woods, the color of dying fern, may turn by a subtle transubstantiation into pleasures and forces that will never come again, — a

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red sunset and a windy seashore into a last farewell, and the regret of a lifetime. . . . This is using poetry in its widest sense, as inclusive of all imaginative literature and other art as well." It is in just this sense of responsiveness that the gift of charm lies. It is mental and spiritual vitality. The individual with this magic of charm will kindle and stimulate all around, and inspire new and finer realizations of ideal life, while it can no more be defined than can the scent or the color of the rose, or the exhilaration of October sunshine.

"I hold it of little matter
Whether your jewel be of pure water,
A rose diamond or a white,
But whether it dazzle me with light.
. . . . . .
Whether you charm me,
Bid my bread feed, and my fire warm me."

* * * * *

Fine Souls and Fine Society.

Emerson's assertion that "it is the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society," is a refreshing assurance to fall back upon; for

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when life degenerates into an idolatry of the senses, a worship of material good, and is controlled only by the sovereignty of selfishness, its divine aim is irrevocably lost unless some achievement in the line of duty or sacrifice shall restore it to the sphere of high thought. Mr. Mallock once wittily remarked that it used to be considered an attribute of the lowest savages not to believe in a God; but it would apparently soon be considered an attribute of savage life to believe in one. This observation was made several years ago; but its latest application seems to be not only inclusive of the religious, but also of the moral attitude in contemporary life, in which belief, faith, conviction, are rigidly ruled out, and external pleasure is the aim pursued. There is a curious anomaly presented in the fact that in that portion of the community which arrogates to itself the term "society," the attitude toward life in its aims and aspects is as material, as crude, as ignoble as could be found among the poor and the ignorant class. We see a certain portion of the community whom vast

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wealth has emancipated from necessities of toil; who hold the two greatest factors of individual development and rational progress,—leisure and freedom. All opportunities for the noblest culture, the most extended and refined achievements, are open to them. Society itself, in the highest sense, is a fine art, and requires leisure and freedom to develop its best possibilities. Yet, as a matter of statistical data, we discover that fine society does not make fine souls,—that the great and enduring achievements always have been in the past, and continue to be in the present, made by people who are working under conditions of limitation and pressure, who have to use much of their force in overcoming the difficulties before they can reach the work itself; while those persons who have nothing to do but conquer on the spiritual side of life turn from it to engage in the trivial and the material. It is little wonder that pessimism is the logical outcome of a life given over to mere personal pleasure and spectacular amusement. The spirit that says, "Let us eat, drink, and

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be merry, for to-morrow we die," is not the spirit that is laying hold on any of the things that make life worth the living. Where life represents nothing but the worship of the body, — that it shall be well cared for, well clad, and constantly amused, — it is little wonder that there can be no convictions of immortality, or perhaps hardly the wish for it. The first cause of all discontent, all weariness, all jealousy, bitterness, and vanity of life is materialism. It is the corrosive element that rusts away all the pure gold of energy and of aspiration.

"Man is not changed," says Mazzini, "by whitewashing or gilding his habitation; a people cannot be regenerated by teaching them the worship of enjoyment; they cannot be taught a spirit of sacrifice by speaking to them of material rewards. It is the soul which creates to itself a body, the idea which makes for itself a habitation, . . . by devoting himself and purifying himself by good works and holy sorrow. It must not be said to him, *Enjoy, — life is the right to happiness;* but

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rather, *Work, — life is a duty; do good, without thinking of the consequences to yourself.* He must not be taught, *To each according to his passions;* but rather, *To each according to his love.*"

When, out of the life of scenic beauty and spectacular amusement, its votaries come to say: "Pleasure is all there is of life; no one ever does anything for any motive save that of vanity and greed; authors write only for vanity or for money; Johns Hopkins endows a university simply for the selfish purpose of perpetuating his name; the belle who spends hundreds of dollars on one gown probably does more good than the philanthropist who makes higher education possible for a larger number; no life has any significance, and to believe that one has a message to give, a work to do, a responsibility to meet, is insufferable arrogance; ministers are as selfish for greed and gain as other men; the churches are nothing but women's club-houses; wealth is the only rank, and though, if a person has it not, he may sometimes be received by soci-

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ety, he never can be in society," — when such a creed as this is formulated and expressed in the literal words given here, as the typical views of the individual speaking and of the leisure class represented, what can be thought of the course which thus eliminates all moral principle, and takes from life all value of significance? Is this the outcome of great fortunes, — to produce this ignominious attitude, this base and common greed for enjoyment? How is this point of view any higher than the crude materialism of the ignorant, the low, and the untrained? Is this the attitude out of which will come artistic, literary, scientific, or philosophical achievement? The question answers itself. Aspiration, to say nothing of inspiration, is stifled in such an atmosphere. Neither learning nor genius can arise from it.

That it is the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society, is not only eminently true, but a truth very much to the point in a practical way, in these days when wealth arrogates to itself the exclusive basis

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of social life, and believes that they who can build palaces become thereby princes by some occult process of transubstantiation. Yet is there nothing more vulgar than the faith that the parvenu becomes a prince by virtue of gilded setting. The true aristocracy of America lies still in genius, intellect, and culture, whatever may be the claim in the life of representation. To allege that this or that magnate sprang from humble origin is the province of sham and superficiality, and has no part in a true aristocracy. It is the direction in which one's life is moving, the range of affinities that he attracts, the quality of his nature by which the true test of aristocracy falls, and not in the least whether he was born in this condition or that. To be born with refined tastes and moral instincts is to be well born, whether it be in the limited outward circumstances that have largely characterized the greatest and noblest in American life, or in the purple and fine linen of latter-day luxury. As a matter of record in America, nearly all permanent greatness has

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originated in comparatively limited circumstances, — to wit, Emerson, whose early life was one of even actual privation; Lowell, whose father had the modest comfort of a hard-working and self-denying minister in early days; Edward Everett Hale, who told us in the "Forum" that he grew up in the days "when an American gentleman might have to put his hand to anything, and there was no service to which he could not give dignity, and none to which he should not give himself if there were need." Examples need not be multiplied, but they will readily recur to one, — from Abraham Lincoln reading by pine knots, to Howells reading Longfellow's poems while the old mill wheezed away.

Fine society is not made. It is not to be bought with a price. It must grow. It is the result of evolution. "Noble aims and sincere devotion to them, the highest development of mind and heart, the fine aroma of cultivation which springs from the intimacy with all that human genius has achieved in every kind, simplicity and integrity, a soul

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whose sweetness overflows in the manner and makes the voice winning and the movement graceful, — here is the recipe for fine society; and although much of this is impossible — as, for instance, high and various cultivation — without wealth, yet wealth of itself cannot supply the lowest element. The wealth of a foolish man is a pedestal, which, the more he accumulates, elevates him higher, and reveals his deformity to a broader circle. These most obvious facts are rarely remembered. Gilded vulgarity believes itself to be gold."

When it arrogates to itself the exclusive claim to gold, it is time its pretensions were stripped away, and its barrenness revealed. The only fine society — that which is composed of fine souls — is exclusive, but not in a vulgar way. All that does not belong to it drops away by a spiritual law. All that does belong to it comes by spiritual gravitation. Fine society is the graceful, genial, sympathetic intercourse of fine souls. It is a festival over which the gods themselves preside. It is not spectacular. It is not to be manu-

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factured out of a sudden rise in stocks. It does not depend on the market. The noble words of Julia Ward Howe hold the final truth that crowns this train of speculation:

"To me the worship of wealth means, in the present," says Mrs. Howe, "the crowning of low merit with undeserved honor, the setting of successful villany above unsuccessful virtue. It means absolute neglect and isolation for the few who follow a high heart's love through want and pain, through evil and good report. It means the bringing of all human resources, material and intellectual, to one dead level of brilliant exhibition, a second 'Field of the Cloth of Gold,' to show that the barbaric love of splendor still lives in man, with the thirst for blood and other *quasi* animal passions. It means in the future some such sad downfall as Spain had when the gold and silver of America had gorged her soldiers and nobles; something like what France experienced after Louis XIV. and XV. I am no prophet, and least of all a prophet of evil; but where, oh, where, shall we find the anti-

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dote to this metallic poison? Perhaps in the homœopathic principle of cure. When the money miracle shall be complete, when the gold Midas shall have turned everything to gold, then the human heart will cry for flesh and blood, for brain and muscles. Then shall manhood be at a premium, and money at a discount." The final word on society considered as a fine art, considered nobly and with full recognition of its high purpose, must always be this word of America's greatest woman, — Julia Ward Howe.

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LOTUS-EATING.

I walked on, musing with myself
On life and art, and whether, after all,
A larger metaphysics might not help
Our physics, — a completer poetry
Adjust our daily life and vulgar wants
More fully than the special outside plans
Preferred by modern thinkers, as they thought
The bread of man indeed made all his life.

Aurora Leigh.

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VICE AND ADVICE.

OME wit says that the worst vice in the world is advice; and it may be added, with equal truth, that no one is so unwise as he who gives advice, — save the one who takes it. Of course both these assertions are a little extreme, and should be taken with more than the traditional grain of salt. There is such a thing as a very fine and true appreciation of that kind of wisdom which may be imparted by counsel, and of the value of that influence which makes itself felt through sympathetic companionship. Still, in a general sense, the formal asking for and receiving advice is something worse than worthless, inciting unfounded ideas of capability for counsel on the part of one who, in a misguided moment, shall give it, and enervating and unnerving the one who receives and appropriates it.

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Doubtless the clergy, of all classes of men, suffer most from this burden flung upon them by the ignorant and the thoughtless. The very nature of their calling attracts it, and makes it difficult, indeed, to evade the claims which yet they cannot meet, and which they should never be asked to meet. There is something that touches the fancy, if not the conscience, in the picture not infrequently held up of the clergyman who is not only the preacher, but the minister as well; who shares all his people's private joys and griefs, and is their guide and counsellor, *et cætera.* It is a picture that the sentimental novelists are fond of depicting, and it is not without its human charm and something of its divine significance. The value of personal influence, through sympathetic personal intercourse, can never by any possibility be over-rated. It was what Jesus gave to His disciples, and as far as possible to the populace; and His example remains for all ages the ideal one.

Still, even ideals themselves are somewhat relative to time and circumstances. The good

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priest, who shares the simple joys and sorrows of the peasantry, and whose relation is more that of the father to his family than of the clergyman to his parish, undoubtedly meets a real need of the primitive and simple life to which he ministers. As that life advances in intelligence, it gains in individual self-reliance. It gains the power of decision, the ability to make its own choice and selection. The higher service of the priest is then to educate the conscience, to stimulate and refine the moral sense, and to make his teachings tend to the one supreme result, — the culture of spirituality. When the life of the spirit is once grasped by the intelligence and entered upon by the response of the soul to the Divine Spirit, then is the individual started on that upward way where he perceives, with constantly increasing clearness, the relation of his soul to the Divine, — where he can seek the leading and recognize the guidance.

There are not wanting, however, in every city, in every parish, the type of people who desire to "pour out their soul," as they will

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express it, to something or somebody, and their minister is the natural victim of this yearning. However useless and even harmful he may know this to be, it is difficult to refuse, by virtue of his holy office. And there is always the possibility of there being one real need amid all the tide of mere emotional and sentimental outpouring, and he would rather give unnecessary efforts to a thousand than deprive one of essential aid.

Still, it is a man's duty to himself — and not less that of the clergyman than other men — not to be submerged in a tide of helpless appeals from people who would do far better to help themselves. As Sir Hugo said to Daniel Deronda: "Be courteous, be obliging, but don't give yourself over to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade." A parish should realize how the power of their minister to break for them the true bread of life, to communicate to them the spiritual energy which is the motor, so to speak, by which each may successfully conduct life for himself — they should realize, how his power

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to give them this all-essential aid depends on a certain freedom and detachment from material details. It is his office to give them the principles of navigating the sea of life; but it is not his office to hold the rudder and steer each man's ship for him. That one must do for himself.

The faculty of self-reliance is one that should be considered in educational culture. To rely on one's self is not, necessarily, to be conceited or audacious. It may consist with a very adequate appreciation of the greater wisdom of other people, but also with a delicate reverence for that greater wisdom, — with that reverence which would forbid intrusion or insistence. On general principles, those persons who desire to have their lives moulded and their souls fed, and to be propelled generally by somebody else, had much better learn that invaluable lesson of the culture of self-reliance. Each must live his life for himself; he must realize that that life lies between his own soul and God. Seek wisdom, seek understanding; but seek it at the Infinite

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Source. "Trust thyself," well said Emerson. "Every heart vibrates to that iron string."

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One's Own Way. There is perhaps no trait in human nature that is more under the ban of a general and by no means concealed aversion than that which is vaguely designated as the liking to have one's own way. It is held up to protest, to scorn, to denunciation. Yet after all what is better? Another person's way? But to pursue that successfully requires all the personal inclination of angle, the thousand subtle determining causes that go with it, and which no individual can ever transfer to another. Yet the strong bent to one's own devices and plans is not unlikely to keep one in a state of semi-martyrdom for the first twenty-five years of life. This instinct in a child is called obstinacy, and is usually rebuked and repressed by parents and teachers. In early youth family and friends look on it with distrust, if not with positive disapproval, and it is only after

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one has at last succeeded in asserting his individuality and holding his own, that this distrust or disapproval becomes mitigated.

All this attitude operates as a check and hindrance to entering on one's true life. If gained at last, it is gained in spite of remonstrance and impediments, rather than entered into gradually, naturally, and joyfully, as into the promised land.

It may safely be asserted that no one who depends on another to mark out his path for him can ever make much impression upon life. "A poor thing, but mine own," said Touchstone, and so saying defined the secret of power. One's own way may be in the abstract a poor thing, but being one's own, its chances of success are far above those that attend a better way, not one's own.

In fact, the magic of success is to believe this. The people who ask for counsel and advice, and get it, — and what is more, follow it, — precipitate themselves into a chaotic wilderness, "where nothing is but what is not." The man who asks what you think

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he can do, cannot, it is probable, do anything. If he has not the polarity of knowing his own way, and having a way of his own to know, he is drifting too aimlessly to arrive at any specific destination. With no trust in himself he cannot inspire trust in others.

The new education is everywhere recognizing the importance of the education of the will, and to lead the will to express itself in outward habits and customs. This is a return to the principles of Aristotle, whose system of ethics furnishes permanent illumination which has never been surpassed by any thinker. "We acquire the virtues," he said, "by doing the acts. We become builders by building, and so by doing right acts we become righteous." Which, after all, is but another way of saying that "He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine."

There is a delicate point between the apotheosis of the will, the positiveness and the confidence that marks out one's own way and follows it, and that over-confidence in one's

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own powers which leads to the undue exaggeration of egoism; and egoism and conceit are largely due to the lack of any standard of measurement. To "know the best that has been thought and said in the world," which is the knowledge held by Matthew Arnold as desirable, is to know how far short of what is really great and permanent in thought, action, or literature, one's own achievements are apt to be. Devotion to one's own way only becomes heroic when some object higher than ministering to personal gain, or greed, or vanity, is the object pursued. It is not unmixed selfishness or coarse egoism of flaunting boastfulness that may be rightly considered in carving out one's own way. These are of the lower plane to which it may degenerate, and are its abuses rather than its uses. It is only when conserved to ends noble in themselves, when it is informed not only by intellectual purpose but by moral energy, that it becomes worthy to create and control a happy future.

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"The sun set, but not his hope;
Stars rose, — his faith was earlier up;
. . . . . .
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat."

All lives that are in the best sense worth the living are so by virtue of being true to their own polarity. There is undoubtedly a certain line of life, a certain definite, however dimly defined, path predestined for each, and that achievement which we are accustomed to call success is simply the result of the vision that sees, and the energy that follows this hidden but divine leading.

* * * * *

Writing in Sympathetic Ink.

It is the temperament which is willing to take risks that is the temperament of success, and that reads the messages written in sympathetic ink. Its success may not, invariably, be the success of personal gain, or of personal gratification; it may even come in the guise of sacrifice and of spending and being spent for others, — but all the same it is the tempera-

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ment of accomplishment and achievement, one that is a potent factor in the progress of the world. It is only the idealists who take risks, and it is they who contribute that which is most of value to the world. But between the idealist, in the true sense, and the mere æsthetic sentimentalist, there is a great gulf fixed. The idealist is imaginative, hopeful, and abounding with life and energy. He sees visions, and he dreams dreams, and he lives in a world of hopeful, happy forces that continually radiate new energy, — that generate it, indeed, and that form the living coal on the altar. The mere æsthetic tastes are not to be mistaken for the strong out-going and out-giving forces of the idealist. A good proportion of what is mistakenly called art is only the æsthetic. The taste for color, decoration, for pictures and poetry of a grade that appeals only to taste and fancy but have no message of spiritual life to convey, — these are by no means attributes of the artistic, but rather of the æsthetic nature. The one is on the spiritual plane; the other on the sensuous. The

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one is the appreciator or the creator of all noble forms of art; the other is at home among the ginger-jar style of decorative effect.

If one would accomplish anything in the world worth doing, he must have sufficient confidence in himself to take risks, to set out on journeys of which he cannot see the end or know by what means he shall be guided; in other words, he must be capable of belief, of trust in the invisible. A strong purpose creates its own means of accomplishment. "If a god wishes to ride," says Emerson, "every chip and stone will bud and shoot out winged feet for it to ride."

Undoubtedly, above the material laws which we have investigated and in some degree formulated, there is a higher set of laws whose workings are as harmonious and as methodical, and which may be set in operation by compliance with their conditions. It is unquestionably these laws that are invoked by prayer. Being spiritual potencies, they are moved by spiritual agencies; and this may be true without any conflict with scientific

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theories or rationalistic truth whose operations are restricted to the physical plane.

It is on this higher plane, and under the spiritual laws that govern it, that the idealist — who is constantly ready to take risks in order to inaugurate or to advance his projects — dwells. He is intuitively conscious even if he has never formulated it of having to do with powers that on a lower plane of life are unknown; he is conscious of a support of which the world knows not.

All great inventors and great discoverers have been men of this type. They have been great idealists, as truly as have been the great poets and painters. They have all been irresistibly borne onward by faith in the things that could not be seen.

> "For me, I have no choice:
> I might turn back to other destinies,
> For one sincere key opes all Fortune's doors."

Always to the idealist is it true that

> "One day with life and heart
> Is more than time enough to find a world."

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Always he feels the courage of his convictions in that

"Success in thyself which is best of all."

He who is conscious of alliance with these higher forces cannot know despondency or defeat. He sets out on the work whose purpose thrills and inspires. He has no idea of the details by which it is to be accomplished. He sees it as in vision, as a whole. If he were to await accurate and precise information as to the methods by which each detail could be wrought, he would never take the initial step. But he is sufficiently at one with these higher potentialities to know that in some way his purpose will be supported, his steps guided, his efforts prospered to fulfilment. Michael Angelo somewhere writes: —

"Meanwhile, the Cardinal Ipolito, in whom all my best hopes were placed, being dead, I began to understand that the promises of this world are, for the most part, vain phantoms; and that to confide in one's self, and become something of worth and value, is the best and safest course."

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At all events, it is they who do confide in themselves who are apt to become something of worth and contribute forces of value. They set their courses by the stars, and do not wait for a rushlight for every individual step of the way.

"What fairer seal
Shall I require to my authentic mission
Than this fierce energy, — this instinct striving,
Because its nature is to strive?"

To believe and go forward is the key to success and to happiness. Doubt and distrust are the negative and corrosive forces. The enthusiasm for a high purpose calls into being the agencies by means of which it may be accomplished. Great powers attend on great thoughts; and, above all and beyond all, among the creative forces, is the power of a great faith.

* * * * *

Success as a Fine Art.

"What boots it, — what the soldier's mail,
Unless he conquer and prevail?"

Success in life is too largely and far too generally considered in the nature of special

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gifts or of exceptional good fortune, of some unusual provision or combination in some way, rather than as the simple duty and the obligation of all intelligent and aspiring people; that is to say, it should be held as the normal, and not the abnormal, condition. The defective classes in intellect or in morals are the only ones who do not rise to the level of being regarded under this obligation. The idiot, the lunatic, and the totally vicious are the special and exceptional in the great rank and file of humanity; and it is they alone who should not be held by public sentiment as under the law of success.

For even the chronic invalid may make such a success of character — the only permanent form that it takes — as to be a blessing, a benediction, and an inspiration to all who come near. Physical deficiencies or afflictions of any kind do not put one outside this law, because success is mental and moral and spiritual, — a result of fine qualities of mind and heart, of energy and of striving, — and is therefore not in bonds to physical or material

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causes. Success, then, is simply a duty. It is the obligation of the many, and not the luxury of the few.

> "One thing is forever good, —
> That one thing is success."

To achieve success is not merely the gratification of a personal ambition, not merely a selfish endeavor; it is a moral duty, and a very high responsibility. It is a personal obligation. Success is good. The traditional talk about failures being often better than success; the traditional feeling that the successful man or woman is, by that very achievement, more or less isolated from the average toiling, burdened masses of mankind; that, though success may imply a certain ability and keenness, its very realization is through some lack of consideration, some defect of sympathy, some self-centred power, that pushes on, regardless of those through whose ranks it makes its way, — this conception of success is very far removed from the truth. To regard success as more or less synonymous with selfishness,

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is to degrade it from anything like its real significance.

No one has success until he has the abounding life. This is made up of the many-fold activity of energy, enthusiasm, and gladness. It is to spring to meet the day with a thrill at being alive. It is to go forth to meet the morning in an ecstasy of joy. It is to realize the oneness of humanity in true spiritual sympathy. It is, indeed, that which one is; not that which he does or which he has. And so all our usual conceptions of success fall infinitely short of the genuine thing. It is not necessarily success to be rich, or famous, or even popular, in the general acceptation of that term. These attributes and accidental things may or may not accompany success; but their presence does not make it, their absence does not take it away.

It is as amazing as it is sad, that we go about so largely burdening ourselves with strivings that are of no consequence, and miss the gladness and exhilaration of living. No life is successful until it is radiant. The King

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of Glory is always ready to come in. Why do we bar the way? We cannot all live in palaces; but we can all live in the Kingdom of Heaven, and the material luxuries of the one pale before the glow and thrill and exaltation of the other. "The contribution of Christianity to the joy of living, perhaps even more to the joy of thinking, is unspeakable," says Dr. Drummond. "The joyful life is the life of the larger mission, the disinterested life, the life of the overflow from self, the more abundant life which comes from following Christ. . . . If Christianity can do anything, it can take away the earth. By the wider extension of horizon which it gives, by the new standard of values, by the mere setting of life's small pomps and interests in the light of the Eternal, it dissipates the world with a breath. All that tends to abolish worldliness tends to abolish unrest."

The one great truth to which we all need to come is, that a successful life lies not in doing this, or going there, or possessing something else: it lies in the quality of the daily life. It

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is just as surely success to be just and courteous to servants or companions or the chance comer, as it is to make a noted speech before an audience, or write a book, or make a million dollars. It is achievement on the spiritual side of things; it is the extension of our life here into the spiritual world, that is, alone, of value. This extension is achieved, this growth toward higher things is attained, by our habitual attitude of mind. It develops by truth and love and goodness; it is stunted by every envious thought, every unjust or unkind act. The theatre of our actions may be public and prominent, or private and obscure. Our conduct may be read of men, or it may hardly be known beyond the most limited circle. What then? Does not one require moral health, spiritual loveliness for himself, as he does his physical health, and not merely for display? One would prefer to be well rather than ill, if he were alone on a desert island. Why not, as well, prefer to be spiritually abounding, whether the world recognize it or not?

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"For to be carnally minded is death; and to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Here we touch the profoundest truth of life. All the jar, the unrest, the friction, the unhappiness of life are inseparably related to the material plane. "To be carnally minded is death." But leave this; live the "life more abundant;" rise above selfishness and envy; rejoice in your neighbor's success, be glad in his gladness; love what is lovely, whether your own or another's: in short, be "spiritually minded," and at once there is "life and peace," at once there is success in its profoundest significance.

It is so possible to cultivate easy, cordial, friendly relations of reciprocal good-will to all whom one may meet. It is so possible to be glad in the gladness of other people; and, too, it is possible so to extend one's own life into higher regions that his happiness shall not be altogether dependent upon other people. He may come to realize the deep truth in the lines,—

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"Seek not the spirit, if it hold
Inexorable to thy zeal;
Trembler, do not whine or chide, —
Art thou not also real?"

When one can gain this basis of actual reality in his life; when he can realize that first of all and above all are his relations to the unseen, his anchorage as a spirit to a spiritual world, developing his faculties as best he may, — then is he prepared to be the truer and warmer and more steadfast friend, while yet less dependent on friendship than before.

The only success worth the name is the achievement of this high spirituality. With it, the beggar would be rich; without it, the king would be poor. This is "the thing forever good," — the thing that may truly be called success.

* * * * *

A Common Experience.

There are few writers in any large city who do not receive more or less (and usually more) notes running somewhat after this fashion: —

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". . . Pardon this intrusion; . . . but believing that you are a friend to all novices in literature, we venture to ask if a young lady who is desirous of entering into active literary (journalistic) work could be offered a word of advice? She has decided ability and plenty of determination. Some two years ago you printed one of her poems, and personally commended other productions. . . ."

There is a somewhat general impulse on the part of those receiving such letters either to ignore them altogether, or to offer strongly negative advice regarding the stranger's desire to enter into the competition of what is rather nebulously termed overcrowded work. "If you have a place to stay in, stay in it," growls the cynic. "There are more workers than there is work, more aspirants for places than there are places to fill." All of which is not without truth; but is there not a still deeper truth?

The presumption of experience is always against the probabilities of success to the new and untrained workers. But experience,

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though not without its claim to respect, has yet far less title to be considered than has faith. Experience is of the world, and faith is of the spirit. A young man or a young woman may go, unaided and unfriended, to a large city, — may go with nothing and to nothing, — and yet build up a beautiful and successful life. It depends. The light of the public square alone can test the statue.

So far as literary work goes, the term is very elastic, and is almost stretched to embrace everything in these days, from literature proper — from literature as produced by an Emerson, Hawthorne, Tennyson, Whipple, or Lowell — to the inanities of a fashion reporter. The requirements of that rather distinctive branch of work, literary journalism (using the term in its ideal significance), are far greater than those for the spasmodic production of special newspaper or magazine articles of the average quality. The literary journalist must, perforce, take all knowledge for his province, to a very large degree. His ideal work implies behind it the endeavor to realize in it certain

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ideals of life. There is a very definite standard to be maintained; and no great or uplifting writing comes out of narrow and trivial life. The degree of achievement in literary journalism will be determined more by the individuality of the journalist than by any external scenery of his life. The spirit fashions its own world, regardless of visible correspondence between its inner visions of beauty and its actual limitations of environment.

While, however, the inexperienced aspirant may wish to enter into what her adviser calls "active literary work," the presumption is that she has not the culture nor the original power to do anything of the sort. But if she has a temperamental tendency toward letters, and the gift or the grace that overflows in verse, — even though it be very far from poetry, — there is every reason to believe she has the capacity for being trained into some useful work in journalism. It is true that the daily press does not want her verse; it can always select the best in the world, — while its original contributions in rhyme are, at best, doubt-

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ful; but the glow and vivacity that ripples itself away in rhyme is a very good ingredient for reportorial work. It argues the temperament that possesses brightness, ardor, and sympathy. And the personal qualities that endear a young woman to her friends at home, and incline them to write of her and to try to secure for her a hearing in a distant city, are the qualities not less indispensable in a newspaper office, if she came to the city; for nowhere is there a greater demand for sweetness of spirit, for refinement, courtesy, and sympathetic comprehension. Harmony is an important — one almost says *the* important — factor in the conduct of journalism. Added to these qualities the young aspirant must bring to her work plenty of willingness, of energy, and reliability. She must learn to be in her place when her place needs her; and to that all other matters of life must be held subordinate. Engaged to do a certain work, it is her first duty always to do that work to the very best of her ability — not, perhaps, her *only* duty, but always her first one.

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Fitness for work inevitably creates its own theatre of action. Opportunities correspond with almost mathematical accuracy, to the ability to use them.

If the aspirant for city journalism is prepared to enter on a branch of service that is very probably within her possibilities and give to it her best effort and her faithful devotion, trusting to growth and fitness for subsequent promotion, there is no reason why she should not make her trial of the chances, though a hundred have tried and failed. Their failure creates no precedent for her, because places are never found, but made. Ninety-nine may fail to make a place, and the one hundredth succeed. There is true wisdom in the lines from Theocritus: —

"A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this coast,
Bids you set sail;
Full many a gallant ship, when we were lost,
Weathered the gale."

Never need one be disheartened or discouraged by other people's failures. They have no power to affect his own.

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The woman who desires to write is, indeed, an ever-present problem, not only to the literary profession, but largely to society as well. Her chosen victims, whom she selects as predestined to serve as amateur audiences, represent both the literary worker and the general reader; and her inquiries as to ways and means are addressed to each faction with equal impartiality.

Now, there is nothing to be said against the aspiration to engage in literary work. If the attractions do not invariably point to the destinies, there is always more or less of a probability that way. And while the aspirant will be told dismal and depressing tales of an overcrowded market, and while these tales are true, they really amount to very little. The tools are to one who can handle them. Let the right person come, and he passes through the ranks and has his own right of way. London was overflowing with literary workers; but Rudyard Kipling came, and editors and publishers entreated him to invade their columns. The person who has something

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to say will always find a hearing. It does not make the slightest difference if a thousand persons before him have failed. He is not governed by their conditions, because all the conditions and circumstances that attend any one are individual. Each person is the magnetic centre of the elements he alone attracts, and these unite in the combinations that form his conditions and atmosphere. Because one's predecessors have succeeded or failed, is not the slightest argument in favor or against a man's own success or failure. A thousand may fall at his right hand, and ten thousand at his left, and the pestilence not come nigh him. All depends.

So to the girl or the woman who wants to write there is but one thing to be said, — write. But realize that this work is purely and wholly a matter of individual fitness. All the cards and compliments of society, or the lack of them, will never make or unmake the writer. It is worse than useless to ask friend, acquaintance, or stranger if you may read to them your story, essay, or poem.

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Their liking or not liking it is no test, and it is merely a waste of time on both sides. Try the test of the light of the public square, — that is, the editorial test. Make the publishing-house, the magazine, the newspaper your bar of judgment. It is the only possible criterion. The less you talk about your intentions and aspirations the better. Put all that surplus energy into your work. Study the range and tone of the periodicals you propose to work into, and send the thing that is not utterly incongruous with the periodical to which it is addressed.

The literary market may be crowded, but it is all the time being enlarged. There is, at all events, always abundance of room for the writer who has something to say that is worth hearing. Whether an aspirant is that person or not, the market test alone will decide. The praise and compliments of friends are very easy to get, but they are not worth one straw in the way of actual weight with the editorial mind.

To determine to accomplish a certain thing

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is to have it half done at once. Energy is creative. Believe, and go forward.

Of course there are times and seasons when a group of friends, or two *en tête-à-tête*, can talk over the conditions of literary supply and demand with stimulating effect; but these seasons arise spontaneously, and are idle if prepared for beforehand.

It may seem uncharitable to say that there is absolutely no purpose served in helping the person who cannot, for the most part, help himself; yet it is true. It is like trying to "keep up the sun at nights in heaven," or to induce water to run up hill. Unless the individual has that nameless gift in himself which magnetizes conditions, no power on earth can create these conditions for him. The amateur lecturer bores society to a fatal degree by insisting that her friends shall create a social and purely artificial market for her tickets. It may be done once, but unless she has the interest and the power to attract the general public of its own will, the artificial success can never be repeated. The effort is absolutely useless.

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Let one give the aid he can, by all means, when the word, the act, or the money will serve as a bridge thrown over a chasm which otherwise would check an onward progress; but when the object of solicitude has in himself no original impetus, then do all the aids in the world become utterly useless.

One who desires to do a given work should first study intelligently the spiritual laws that govern it as surely as the law of gravitation controls all efforts on the material plane. The more one comprehends these spiritual laws, the more entirely can he control the conditions of his life. The higher always dominates the lower. One who comes into an intelligent recognition of spiritual laws need not be submerged by calamity, or left to the blind fate of circumstance. He can arise in his own spiritual integrity and say: "I have such-and-such a purpose in life. I will work it out to certain ends. I will control the currents, and not be controlled by them."

The degree to which this assertion may be carried out would amaze those who never verified its truth by their own experience.

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THAT WHICH IS TO COME.

We see but half the causes of our deeds
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.

LOWELL.

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INTIMATIONS AND PROMPTINGS.

But whoso answers not God's earliest call
Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme
Of lying open to his genius,
Which makes the wise heart certain of its ends.

LOWELL.

THERE is no question but that every one receives in a greater or less degree intimations and promptings which come from some source higher than his own consciousness. There is as little question that both his happiness and his success are to be measured by his recognition of the Vision, his obedience to the Voice. Not only that, but he is responsible, too, for the degree in which he receives the higher intimations. These grow numerous or fade away altogether, according to the quality of life. It may be held so pure, so receptive to all high influences, so noble in its aspiration, as to furnish the right conditions for these finer promptings; or it may so degenerate

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into the material, the selfish, the self-centred as to become deaf and blind and unresponsive to them. To gain a trifle — merely a transient trifle at that — many often sacrifice the one irresistible and all-conquering force, spirit power.

Balzac emphasizes this truth when he says, in "Seraphita": —

"Do for God what you do for your ambitious projects, what you do in consecrating yourself to Art, what you have done when you loved a human creature, or sought some secret of human science. Is not God the whole of science, the all of love, the source of poetry? Surely, His riches are worthy of being coveted! His treasure is inexhaustible, His power infinite, His love immutable, His science sure and darkened by no mystery. Be anxious for nothing. He will give you all. Yes, in His heart are treasures with which the petty joys you love on earth are not to be compared. What I tell you is true; you shall possess His power; you may use it as you would use the gifts of love. Alas! men doubt; they lack faith and will and persistence. . . . One thought borne inward, one prayer uplifted, one echo of the Word within us, and our souls are forever changed. . . . The soul is ceaselessly joyful. . . . The

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final life, the fruition of all other lives to which the powers of the soul have tended, and whose merits open the Sacred Portals to perfected man, is the life of Prayer? Who can make you comprehend the grandeur, the might, the majesty of Prayer? There are privileged beings, Prophets, Seers, Messengers, and Martyrs, all those who suffer for the Word and who proclaim it; such souls spring at a bound across the human sphere, and rise at once to Prayer. So, too, with those whose souls received the fire of faith. Be one of those. God welcomes boldness. Know this, the torrent of your will is so all-powerful that a single emission of it, made with force, can obtain all; a single cry, uttered under the pressure of faith, suffices. Be one of such beings, full of force, of will, of love! Be conquerors on the earth! . . . Thus the separation takes place between matter, which has so long wrapped its darkness round you, and spirit, which was in you from the beginning.

"Then you will no longer feel convictions, they will have changed to certainties. The Poet utters, the Thinker meditates, the Righteous acts; but he who stands upon the borders of the Divine World prays, and his prayer is word, thought, action in one! . . . The uni-

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verse belongs to him who wills, who knows, who prays; but he *must* will, he *must* know, he *must* pray, — in a word, he must possess force, wisdom, faith."

To recognize the Vision, listen to the Voice, to be open perpetually to the divine promptings, is to come to that spiritual plane on which thought and action are one; where achievement lifts itself outside visible causes or forms. Prayer is simply the union of the human Spirit with the Divine. It comprehends within itself all potency. "When you possess the faculty of praying without weariness, with love, with force, with certainty, with intelligence, your spiritualized nature will presently be invested with power. The quickness of spirit becomes yours."

There is something wrong when life becomes a drudgery or a weariness. It is like making a journey over the continent on foot, instead of taking a lightning-express train.

It is possible to rise to the region of creative power where thought is the force that produces swift results. Force, will, and love

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are the conquerors. "The universe belongs to him who wills, who knows, who prays."

Success in life is simply coming in touch with these spiritual forces. It is the truth implied in the words of Jesus when He said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you." Seek first the kingdom of heaven, — the realm of spirit force; then all other things follow. The kingdom of heaven is "joy and peace and love in the Holy Ghost." Life, then, to be successful, to be lived in this kingdom of heaven, should be joyful, loving, and beautiful in its serene peace.

* * * * *

And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing, — only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Through Struggle to Achievement.

In the life of every one who has really tried to make his life something finer and nobler and more impressive in its influence than a mere exist-

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ence could be, there come retrogressions, backward eddies in the tide, unforeseen obstacles and hindrances. What then? Shall he give up the struggle and relax into commonplace activities? "There is no sorrow I have thought more about than this," wrote George Eliot: "that one who aspires to live a higher life than the common should fall from that serene height into the soul-wasting struggle with worldly annoyances." Nor is there any sorrow or loss or pain of life equal to such an experience. To deny it would be false; to ignore it would be foolish. It is an experience which may come to any one, which does come to many of us; and it is not blindness to it that will aid but rather the clearer sight to recognize the experience at its true value,—to hold the serenity of spirit that will not be unduly terrified and exaggerate the evil, and also the seriousness of contemplation that will not flippantly pass it by.

The mysterious principle of vicarious atonement has prevailed in the universe, and revealed itself, in some form, through every age

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and in every national and individual history. The Christ on Calvary is but the supremest, divinest form that the truth has taken. The Roman legend that tells how Curtius leaped into the dark gulf which closed over him, is but another attestation of the way this universal truth has taken root in every literature and every land. No work — not even the individual work of one's own life — is ever assured until sacrifice, in some form or other, is made. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." It is the power to recognize this relation of temporal defeat to eternal success which is the all-determining factor, — the power to see, not the mere paltry annoyances of the moment, but the vision shining fair beyond, and to endure, as seeing Him who is invisible.

To recognize loss, or pain, or annoyance, not flippantly nor with undue dread, is to assume the conquering attitude. No one is defeated until he gives up. The point is, then, not to give up. Life is, after all, a supernatural affair, an affair of super-

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naturalism; and it is the invisible powers which are its stay, its guide, and its inspiration. We live and move and have our being on the divine side of things. We only live, in any true sense, as we are filled with the heavenly magnetism. "Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; thou shalt make me full of joy, with thy countenance," says the disciple. Here is the true gospel to live by. There *are* "ways of life;" and through toil and trial they shall be reached. The one is eternal; the other temporal. It is unwise to lay too much stress on the infelicities of the moment. Exaltation alone is real; depression is unreal. The obstacle is not intended to stop the progress but to stimulate new energies.

For one mounts to eternal life now,— not in some vague to-morrow, but to-day. Eternal life is a condition, not a period. Live in immortal energies, in noble purpose, in true lift of soul, and one lives at once and here the immortal life. His soul has already put on immortality.

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There is, too, a charm of going out into the unknown which has seldom been sufficiently appreciated by those to whom changes in affairs come by ways outside their own choice, or from causes with whose origin they are not familiar. The ordinary feeling is of shrinking from the new; of dreading to go from the known into the unknown; of leaving with reluctance the old familiar ways for the new and untried. This implies a want of adjustment to the divine harmony, and not only ignorance, but unbelief in the laws of the universe.

As we all realize, mere existence is not life. Not existence, but experience, constitutes living; and experience is gained largely by a continual succession of new environments. With the immaterial as with the material, the law holds good that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. One experience crowds out another, save that the best of each is, in its essence, assimilated into life and becomes a part of one's character. Now, there is such a thing as spiritual as well

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as material enterprise. On the visible and material side of life, those who have conquered have always been they who have gone out and on into the unknown. The hero is he who takes risks; although the converse is not, of course, true, — that he who takes risks is invariably a hero. But no man conquers who is afraid to venture outside his own garden plot. No one conquers spiritually who is not willing to accept risks, — to go out into the untried and unknown immaterial realm. New experiences are the very material from which it draws its life and weaves its fabric. They are something to be largely welcomed and embraced. They are possessions; they are spiritual capital. Change is apt to be development. Under new skies new voices call to one, — new inspirations are in the very air.

It is commonly said that no one can escape his fate. But fate is — unpenetrated causes; and cause and effect are as indissolubly linked together as night and day, or as the succession of the seasons. The law of cause and effect can no more be escaped or annulled than can

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the law of gravitation. One who, from creating the cause, sets in motion the current of activities that produce the effect, must accept that effect. As the Theosophist would say, it is a part of his karma. But causes wear themselves out, and their effects then cease. If one does not like his life in its present aspect, he can change it for the future by changing the sources from which the present flows and is shaped and colored. Every individual is simply the result, the exact sum and amount, of the causes he has, by his own series of choices, set in motion. But surely no life is ever so perfect in all its fulfilments or appointments, that there are not possibilities or preferences for something different. If a change may be worse, it may also be better; and whether better or worse depends, after all, wholly on ourselves. It is the mental attitude that stamps circumstances, and not circumstances that stamp the mental attitude.

Outward life is the reflex of inward states. It is the expression which the spirit makes of itself. The mind stamps its impress upon the material surroundings.

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Goethe has said that the highest state is a "tranquillity of soul, in which a man loves what he commands himself to do." There is more in this than meets the eye. To love what one commands himself to do is to endow the action with that vitality and magnetism which creates success. To command one's self to do it without loving it, is to perform merely a mechanical action which generates no power to perpetuate its influence. Let no one fail to realize the infinite potency that lies in devotion to the work which he has commanded himself to do. Love that into which one goes forward. Endow it with life; generate for it the magnetic atmosphere of hope and belief and conviction. One's personal power carried into a new environment shall produce external circumstances as beautiful as is the power he brings to bear on them. It depends wholly on himself. If one is afraid of new conditions, — if he dread the untried, — it is really the fear of himself. But if he be strong in integrity of purpose, in singleness of aim, in that larger love and in

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the sweetness of spirit which is serenity and peace, he need feel no terror in going out into the unknown. The cloud by day becomes a pillar of fire by night. The need of the morning is met by the heavenly manna. Nor need the manna be stored and hoarded: it is offered anew each day. One need only trust. The force in to-day will rival and re-create the beautiful yesterday. If the angels go out, the archangels may come in; and whether they do depends wholly on one's self. That power is "to him who power exerts" is as certain and unvarying a truth as any law of mathematics. The power that is within rushes to meet one from without. All that is one's own, — that is to say, all that one has conquered of the invisible potencies by means of his own spiritual energy, — all that power is his. No external change can deprive him of it. Nothing can lessen its force to create his outward life. The external circumstances, the surroundings amid which he shall dwell, the friends that shall bring untold sweetness and grace into his life, — all these are predetermined by his

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own mental state as certainly as the stone falls to the earth by the law of gravitation. We always come to our own, and enter in and possess the land.

Trial and perplexity teach one the wiser meanings of life, and the way to speed their departure is to grasp the meaning as quickly as possible. Then, with this, let one demand from the higher powers the aid to overcome the plane of trial, and to rise to that where all work is done with exhilaration, and it will be given in even greater measure than he could ask.

It is these matters that are now those of chief concern to the public in general. It is a very striking fact that, of all the long series of congresses held in Chicago in connection with the World's Exposition, none began to attract such crowds and throngs as those which discussed religion and the higher life. The psychical, the theosophical, and the great Parliament of Religions — a sublime assembly — were those to which the people pressed and thronged, in a degree tenfold greater than to

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those devoted to science or economics. For the whole world is feeling the electric thrill of a new life. Our Sinai is before us, and we realize that we must climb it and hold converse with the divine. A wave of new invigoration is sweeping over the entire world. The gospel of hope, of faith, is bearing men to a wingéd vantage-ground.

To keep one's foot firmly set in the way that leads upward, however dark and thorny it may be at the moment, is to conquer. All trial is, in its very nature, temporal; all joy is, in its nature, eternal. Legions of angelic powers wait upon the soul, and guide it to the Mount of Vision.

* * * * *

A Question of the Day.

There is no question but that the atmosphere in which we live is magnetic, or, at least, capable of being made so, — of being so charged with spiritual magnetism that all outward events are not only modified, but are even deter-

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mined by this all-pervading force. Is it in Festus that we find the lines, —

"There are points from which we may command our life,
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;
And coming things, full-freighted with our fate,
Jut out on the dark offing of the mind"?

And it is more than a question if every morning is not such a point in life.

"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is the world made new."

Each day we stand on the threshold of a new lifetime. We may say that the consequences of one day, of one year, of one decade, reach over into another; that they overlap each other; that we are always, as the Theosophists would phrase it, under the influence of a past karma. But consequences wear out; new karma, new conditions, replace the old; and then, over all and above all, there is the absolute and unchanging and eternal truth of the forgiveness of the Divine Love. Up to this point theosophical speculation, as well as the so-called liberal "thought," is full of vitality

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and clearness. It is helpfully explanatory of the phenomena of life, of its various states and planes. But rationalism does not satisfy, as an end. It is all very well as a means, and so far as it goes; but it does not go very far. We come face to face with the crisis hour when we demand that the miracle shall be wrought; that all past sins and transgressions, errors and weaknesses and failures, shall be absolutely blotted out, that we may take strength and courage to begin again. It is here that we come to the infinite comfort, the infinite restoration of the assurance, that "so far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us," — not only forgiven, but removed them. They lie no more in our way, — obstacles and stumbling-blocks. There is a new way and a new life. We have only to arise and walk in it.

And walk in it with faith, with happiness, with spiritual serenity; with that exhilaration of delight which can only come by throwing off every weight, every clog, and feeling sure

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of the new heaven and the new earth that another day has brought.

The glory of the morning is far more than a mere phrase. There lies around it something of the "trailing clouds of glory," in which, the poet tells us, we came "from God, who is our home." The day lies before us like an unwritten tablet, to be inscribed as we will; like a fresh canvas on which we shall paint with colors all our own; or like the mass of clay out of which we shall ourselves shape the statue that waits in it all unformed.

And how can it be done? By the heavenly magnetism, the spiritual energy which may be generated, liberated, as the chemist would say; by putting one's self in harmony with the Divine Spirit; by coming into that attitude of receptivity to the Infinite Love and Infinite Strength which renews and transforms life. "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up. And let all them that put their trust in Thee rejoice; they shall be ever giving Thee thanks because Thou defendest them: they that love Thy Name shall be

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joyful in Thee." "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is the fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there is pleasure forevermore."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Who can remember these words without realizing their infinite depth of significance? We have only to accept the simple, literal meaning, and absolutely trust in it. "Create in me a new heart;" "Renew my spirit," — these phrases are not mere rhetoric, not merely vague words to be read in a Sunday service at church; but they are the most practical of truths applied to daily living. "Ask and ye shall receive," said Jesus. What can be more simple?

However full days or weeks or years have been of annoyance, unrest, trouble, even sin, the miracle may be wrought in any life on any morning, by which all the unrest, the trial, the sorrow shall be lifted, the burden removed, and the soul caught up to ineffable joy and life and light. One has but to give himself

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absolutely to the communion of the spirit, — to place himself in receptivity to the currents of spiritual energy and heavenly magnetism. He can will that into the untried day before him shall come only wisdom and beauty and peace and sweetness and love, and the miracle — if it be one — shall be wrought. Undreamed of charm shall wait upon the hours. The friend, unexpected yet always longed for, shall appear. The event so desired, yet hardly anticipated, shall come to pass. Work, in all its lines of accomplishment, shall take on new achievements. The hour shall be regal in splendor of vision and imagery, and there shall be literally a new heaven and a new earth.

Thoughts not only "let us into realities," but they are realities. They are the only realities, — the only forces that create permanent results. The new and higher life on which all humanity is entering will, undoubtedly, reduce to the exactness of a science the potential spiritual development that shall produce at will this magnetic atmosphere, in

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which the desire or the thought shall be vitalized into the deed.

Simply to come to this, to bring our thought "in unison with God's great thought," and we create the conditions wherein "whatsoe'er is willed is done." We may, before leaving our own room in the morning, absolutely create the conditions of the day, control and shape its events, select its actors, and stamp the entire drama with this magnetic spiritual vitality.

* * * * *

The Law of Overcoming.

There is, perhaps, no one term whose significance is less truly understood than that of overcoming. When Jesus said: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world," there was something meant quite different from its commonly received interpretation. Many persons have translated it to imply that in *this* world — this present life — tribulation is the appointed lot of man; but that death will end this, and by

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that event we "overcome the world," — that is, enter into joy and peace as inevitable conditions of the life beyond. But is there not undoubtedly a far deeper and nobler meaning than this? The "world" does not refer merely to life on this planet, — the threescore years and ten allotted to man in this present state of existence, — but rather it has reference to a condition. By "the world" is meant all that materiality which must be overcome before one can enter into that state of mind which is the kingdom of heaven, and which may be the condition of life here just as surely as hereafter. The initial duty, the highest privilege, of life is to overcome the world *at once*. After that all else is easy. But is it easy to achieve this overcoming? That is the question.

Still, there are one or two primary truths that every one accepts, and on whose basis we can all meet. These form a favorable point of departure. One, for instance, is the familiar truth that the life of the spirit is that which is immortal, and which, because it is

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permanent, while physical vitality is temporary, is the life to be considered. We accept fully the truth that all the possessions of this world can serve us, at the utmost, but a comparatively brief time; and yet we object vigorously to their loss or their curtailment, and talk about a man's being "ruined," because, indeed, he has lost his worldly goods! In short, we say we believe — in fact, we really do believe — one thing, and yet we act every day of our lives as if we believed something else. We assert that we have here no continuing city; that vast possessions are not of themselves necessarily of significance; but if a man must forsake a luxurious house on a stately and beautiful avenue, and remove his household gods to a plain home on an unfashionable street, he views the change to be one of signal misfortune, and regards himself as an unhappy victim of malevolent fate. Now, is it not possible so to overcome the world that we can hold the integrity of life above the incidental and accidental changes of material things? For, while submerged

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in these material things, which is being "in the world," we shall assuredly have tribulation. Tribulation is inherent in the very nature of material things. We overcome it only as we rise to the spiritual plane. "Be of good cheer," said Jesus: "I have overcome the world." Where He has gone we may follow. If He overcame the world, so may we. It is not easy; it *is* possible.

Not being easy to achieve, it is, when once attained, a condition so easy that it preserves itself and progresses by its own momentum. One who is succeeding in living to any perceptible degree the spiritual life rather than the material, realizes for himself the profound truth in the assertion of the Christ, that His yoke is easy and His burden is light. There is in it the peace which indeed passeth all understanding, and the joy that the world can neither give nor take away. The man of intelligence and culture may measure this truth by recognizing how much greater is his enjoyment than that of the ignorant and the crude. Whatever his fortunes or misfortunes, if he

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has a love of literature, of art, of nature, he has resources of happiness that nothing can remove. He can bear hardships of any kind far better than the man who has none of these inner resources on which to draw. Now, if mental culture imparts such greater permanence of happiness, by how much more does that still higher culture that tends to spirituality of life? With this the poor man is rich and the rich man can never become poor. Having overcome the world, the world cannot engulf or overcome him.

A mere vague and nebulous rhetorical rhapsody over "rising to a higher plane" is not worth the paper on which it is written. The readers of the "World Beautiful" would be only wise to turn from any such outpouring as that, if it held no related significance to daily life. But as the life of culture is higher than that of crude ignorance, so is the life of spirituality higher than that merely of intellectual culture. The spiritualization of thought can be achieved and held to form an atmosphere in which the individual may live continually.

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It is gained by the perfect acceptance as well as the clear realization that to hold the integrity of the spirit is the one essential thing of this mortal life. Precisely how this spirit, whose temple is the bodily form, is to be housed and clothed and fed is a subordinate question. The real consideration is how shall it grow in sympathy and tenderness and consideration for others; how shall it feed itself on great thoughts and noble aims; how shall it be swift to recognize and avail itself of those opportunities of usefulness which are its best channels for growth; how shall it hold its clear, direct, and intimate relation with the Divine?

The submission of man's nothing — perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit I climb to His feet.

The answer is in serene and cheerful obedience and in all-believing and all-confident love. Believe and love, — all the duties of the world and all the privileges of heaven are condensed in those three words. Believe and

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love. Not only trust, but know, believe. Hold fast to the conviction that the forces of life are divine. Come into harmony with them, and thus live above the plane on which discord is possible, thus overcome the world.

* * * * *

"With those elect,
Who seem not to compete or strive,
But with the foremost still arrive,
Prevailing still:
Spirits with whom the stars connive
To work their will."

WILLIAM WATSON.

In Newness of Life.

There are few phrases that bear within them more inherent buoyancy and exhilaration than that, "to rise in newness of life." It is a thought to live by. It comes to one in the morning on first waking, and instantly he is conscious of a new tide of exhilaration. It is like a ladder on which his spirit climbs and all beautiful things seem possible. There is infinite significance in the injunction of Saint Paul to be not conformed to this world, but

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transformed by the renewing of spirit; and again, when he asserts that to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace, the thought is the most practical and simple. Because we live by our convictions and our enthusiasms, our visions and our ideals. Those are the properties, so to speak, of that spiritual world which the spirit inhabits, even though it is held to earth by dwelling in its physical body. That which we habitually see, as in vision; those conditions in which we picture ourselves in half-unconscious imaginings, are those which shall be realized in outward fact. And so, when on the clear mirror surface of a perfectly untried day we see ourselves rising in newness of life, transformed by the renewing of spirit, we grasp thus the key to achievement and happiness and blessedness.

The initial point is to bring the mind into an attitude of love. Hatred, discord of any kind, forms an impassable barrier between the spirit and the joy and exaltation of the spiritual atmosphere. Hatred is Hades; and for

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one to keep that attitude is to shut himself in prison, and exile himself wholly from all that is life. Hatred is mental paralysis, and it forms one of those circles of hell that Dante saw. Love, on the contrary, is magnetic. It offers the open vision. It is not only receptive, but it attracts all germs of noble action and of fortunate combinations. It is not passive, but active; not negative, but positive.

Every morning one holds in his own hands this marvellous power to rise in newness of life and to shape conditions. The law by which this may be done is as definite and as inevitable as is the law of gravitation. It is now time for the Newton of the spiritual world to arise and announce these principles by which the soul may formulate its conditions. All the trouble, the defeat, the disaster, the gloom, and the conflict of the world is simply due to the fact that man has never asserted his birthright. He is not only "the heir of all the ages," but he is the heir to all spiritual treasure and power. Yet, instead of

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looking to heaven, he looks down to earth; instead of asserting his power to create conditions, he allows himself to be entangled with material conditions, chaotic and meaningless, and involved in trouble, disaster, and defeat. It is as if one should sit down in the midst of skeins of silk, and allow the filaments to overflow in knots and tangles all around him, and then direct his time and energies to the minute untying of knots, instead of arising and shaking them all off at one movement. "All power is given to Me in heaven and earth," said Jesus. And He promises that the very works He has done man shall do also, "and greater works than these." Are we to take these assurances as a mere dead letter, — treat them as rhetorical figures, rather than read in them the living truth? Why, these assurances not only offer a privilege, — they confer on man a responsibility. It is his business to arise and assert his spiritual birthright, — to insist on his own power over conditions. All fulfilment of duty lies in this.

The condition of this assertive success is

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love. This is the quality which produces that magnetic atmosphere in which creative exercise is possible. In this atmosphere alone shall he rise to newness of life.

It is my most earnest purpose to convince the reader of the literal truth, the absolute practicality, of these assertions. As a bit of decorative verbal embroidery, they would not be worth the paper on which they are written; but as the most important truth in the life of this century, — an age in which man is beginning to realize the powers that have largely lain dormant in the soul, — to that truth the most earnest consideration may be urged. Psychic power has been mistakenly regarded as being, at best, for purposes of mere phenomena and wonder-working. This is the least of its significance. Its true place is as the practical working force of daily life. No one has any moral right to live in a haphazard way, at the mere mercy of circumstances. It is as wild as it would be for a rational being to put out to sea in a row-boat. It is a part of the accomplishment of true

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achievement to give a margin of time out of every twenty-four hours to the clear shaping — the psychic stamping, so to speak — of the day. The hours lie before one like plastic clay, ready to take the design of his spiritual impress.

We live in a world where visible and tangible things exist, to which, on the immaterial side, there are spiritual correspondences. One of these things is money. The higher order of people are apt to say there are better things than money; that there is the wealth of aspiration, of noble purpose, of generous and liberal sympathies, of good health and right feeling. And this is deeply true; and if one were to choose from financial riches on the one side, and spiritual riches on the other, he who would choose the former rather than the latter would be a madman rather than a rational human being. All the same, however, there is no truth in a sort of vague, traditional feeling that material poverty is necessarily synonymous with spiritual wealth, or that material wealth is synonymous with

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spiritual poverty. That this not unfrequently is true does not in the least argue that it is necessarily so, or that it is an ideal state of affairs. Still, when wealth is gained by a man giving himself over, body and soul, to material accumulation; when it is gained by grinding down the wages of employés, by the oppression and selfishness of all competitive industry, why, then, to amass financial wealth is at the fearful price of spiritual development.

The new trend of advanced spiritual thought, which proclaims that poverty is a disease, has right premises. "For the earth is full of the riches of the Lord." "And the Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." "And whatsoever ye ask, believing, ye shall receive." We need merely to believe really what we *say* we believe. We read and repeat all these passages as meaningless forms; but they are vivid and vital and magnetic with the most infinite significance. That marvellous current of progress which runs through everything in time, and which we call the divine will, would work its undreamed-of

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potency in each individual life if the individual could bring himself into a condition whereby he might receive.

Now, it will be readily seen that all the immaterial world is absolutely dependent on conditions. Human love or friendship cannot give its gifts where they are unwelcome or unheeded. Your friend may long to pour out to you the treasures of his love, his care, his tenderness, his service; but unless you respond to them, he cannot give them. A gift presupposes two persons always,—not only one to give, but one, also, to receive.

In the same way, to receive aid from the spiritual side of life, where all infinite treasure and potency exist, one must achieve the right conditions. These are more common than is altogether realized; but they exist, as yet, only in isolated instances, in fragments of experience, and are related as either something of very curious coincidence or else of divine aid, and he who has experienced it, or he who narrates it, hardly knows which name to apply. History is full of these instances as occurring

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in the lives of notable people in sudden and unforeseen emergencies. And there are, perhaps, few persons who have not experienced something of the kind in their own lives. One was told me recently by an artist in Boston. This young lady passed last summer on the North Shore. At one time she was very much in need of some money, and she could not see any way in which she could, on the visible and material side of life, expect it. But she was not dismayed. "My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth," she repeated to herself, half unconsciously, as she walked one beautiful morning on the beach. As Omar Khayyam puts it, she "sent her soul into the invisible." She needed the money; it was right she should have it; and she believed that out of the unspeakable fulness of infinite riches it would be, in some way, given to her. And it was. Three checks from three friends came to her at once; yet not to one of these had she made the slightest appeal, or even reference to her need of the moment. Was this mere coincidence? I, for one, do

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not believe that it was. I believe the lady touched the key that thus responded; and I believe that there is, right here, a law, as yet undiscovered and unformulated, but as definite and inevitable as that which holds the stars in their courses. And, beyond this, I believe more, — that humanity is now on the verge of the discovery and the development of this law. I could fill pages with these fragmentary instances, personally related to me by those who have experienced them; and biography is also full of them, — and he who runs may read. It is just as much the part of common sense, of social economics, to endeavor now to formulate this law, and adjust life to it, as it is to conduct all our operations in harmony with the law of gravitation. It is the same part of mental sanity. The time has come for people to live as those

> "Spirits with whom the stars connive
> To work their will."

Man, made in the image of the divine, shares to some possible degree the creative power, — the power to shape conditions, to

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control circumstances, to range himself with the creative forces. It is ignoble to sit down and repine, or even to endure passively limitations which energy and faith would easily surmount.

Humanity needs to draw on its resources of Christian faith. They have been stored up in accumulating quantity for eighteen hundred years; but religion is not a decorative attribute to be contemplated at stated periods, but is, instead, the motor of life. Religion is not merely theology, any more than courtesy and civility are love. Theology presents the intellectual theories and principles of religion, as love presents those principles of civility and courtesy which result in the harmony of agreeable living. Edwin D. Mead — the Sir Galahad of the nineteenth century — has recently said that the Church has always been teaching theological rather than sociological Christianity, and that now the time has come for the latter. Certainly, the Christianity which does not manifest itself in consideration, courtesy, and generosity, is not worth the name; but be-

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yond these is more, — the infinite potency of faith. Nor is faith an abstract quality. It is as positive a force as is steam or electricity. It is infinite and resistless in its action. As the spiritual motor, it is as much more potent than any material motor, as spirit is more potent than matter. There is no destitution, no poverty in the universe. "The earth is *full* of the riches of the Lord." These riches are held in solution, as it were, in the spiritual atmosphere, and they can be crystallized and precipitated by complying with the conditions of the spiritual law by means of which their distribution is governed. Every genuine demand on this has the same direct force that a message sent by telegraph might have on the ordinary plane of life. There need be no more hesitancy in accepting this assertion than there need be in accepting the truth of the law of gravitation. Psychic power is the true creative power, and the one that humanity is now to learn how to use intelligently; as, within the past half-century, it has learned to use the lightning intelligently.

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In that marvellous occult book, "The Perfect Way," its author, Dr. Anna Kingsford, says: —

"The enemy of spiritual vision is always materialism. It is, therefore, by the dematerialization of himself that man obtains the seeing eye and hearing ear in respect of divine things. Dematerialization consists not in the separation of the soul from the body, but in the purification of both soul and body from engrossment by the things of sense. It is but another example of the doctrine of correspondence."

Man is, primarily, a divine being, and only secondarily a human being. It is the spiritual world, and among spiritual forces, in which he should dwell.

What would be thought of an accomplished woman, with exquisite tastes and extended culture, who, instead of dwelling with high thoughts, and living in her drawing-room, her library, her music-room, — instead of occupying her time with friends and literature and art, — should instead choose to spend it in the basement of her house, cook-

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ing, laundrying, scrubbing, and all the while fretful and complaining and distressed and depressed because of her hard and gloomy life?

The comparison applies to all humanity. Let one live not in the basement, but in the upper stories. Let him assert his own power and tastes, and his inalienable birthright to be a partaker in the divine inheritance. Let him arise in newness of life.

If he will learn the law of psychic force, he need not longer "compete or strive."

He will learn how, with the foremost, to arrive at the desired achievement. He will acquire the art of allowing the past, with whatever errors, sins, faults, follies, or ignorances entangled, to slip out of sight, and he will turn his face to the future. He will look toward the morning. Every day he will arise in newness of life, and enter more nearly into that magnetic atmosphere where all achievement is easy, because accomplished through the creative powers; where all happiness and exaltation of life shall lie, and

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where the days will thrill and pulsate with joy, as if lived in an Enchanted Land.

* * * * *

"I was not disobedient unto the Heavenly Vision."

The Heavenly Vision. There are few words that so thrill one with a sense of new and diviner possibilities, that are so deeply freighted with the positiveness of the higher life, as these. They comprehend all the greatness which results from the entire spiritualization of thought, all that glow and gladness in noble endeavor and successful achievement which comes *because* one has not been disobedient unto the Heavenly Vision. So far as this obedience is regarded in the light of limitation, of sacrifice, of exaction, of resigning a very certain and positive and tangible satisfaction for a vague and intangible and inexplicable thing, for one having no significance save to the mystic or to the cloistered monk, — so far from that, this obedience is the very reverse. It is the positive and not the negative

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good; it is walking in illumination rather than stumbling in darkness; it is holding the clew to the labyrinth instead of groping through it blindly; it is movement with, rather than against, the force of spiritual gravitation; it is like rowing with the tide, cutting the wood with the grain; it is indeed to have found the secret of success. It is to gain the vantage-ground whereunto all things shall be added.

There is no possibility of doubting that humanity is on the threshold of a life so much higher and more potent than the present that to enter on its realization will make a new heaven and a new earth. The change will be as great as that from the grub to the butterfly. Humanity will find its wings. Mental and psychic power will assert their sway. The entire scenery of life will be transformed. Unsuspected stores of energy will be liberated. Mankind will live in exaltation and enthusiasm. There will be abounding life, not plodding existence. Life will then be what Emerson says it should always be, — an ecstasy. The psychic transformation that

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is drawing near will give far more wonderful results than any of the splendid conquests of science in the past.

The moment we come into the realm of spirit all things are possible. What on the natural plane would seem miracle becomes as simple as the most every-day occurrence. It seems not impossible that the earth may be the theatre of a new life, — of newness of life on a plane heretofore undescried, and which, if conceived of at all, has been believed could only wait the experiences of the soul after the change called death. But let humanity once come into the actual realization that the human race is a race of spirits, — of spirits dwelling in temporary physical bodies; that those bodies are the instrument through which the spirit comes in contact with material life and gains its earthly experience, but that the body need not limit the power of spirit, but be used for spiritual power to work through, — and life is altered at once. This is the transformation of energy that is drawing near.

The unhappiness of life is limited to the

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material and the temporal; its happiness lies in the spiritual and the permanent. One's birthright is happiness. It is as freely offered as the sunshine and the air. It is a spiritual state, and not conditioned by material limits. Not only is it every man's privilege to be happy; it is his duty, his manifest obligation. Happiness is the condition of his higher achievements and his higher usefulness. It is the exhilaration of the highest energy, and lends wings.

The problem of fate and free-will is one that has tortured many a life as its curious and contradictory phases are studied. No one can observe thoughtfully the phenomena of living; can note how, like a prearranged plan, little details and events fit into each other as if all were parts of one great whole, without recognizing a unity which we call fate. Hawthorne has said: "Our individual fate exists in the limestone of time. We fancy that we carve it out, but its ultimate shape is prior to all our efforts." Certainly, the days and their train of events seem to us oftener

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found than made. We close our eyes at night with as little idea of what may come into the next day, even, of our own lives, as into that of our neighbor's. What, indeed, may not lie in wait for us? Fortune or ill fortune, death or illness, or a sudden surprise of joy. We are as utterly powerless to predict our own immediate future as that of the veriest stranger. Even more; we are hardly less powerless to predict our own acts, our own states of mind that may be induced by action and reaction of currents of activity still undiscerned. We go on to meet these unknown days freighted with the incalculable, like ships sailing over an unknown ocean, perhaps to encounter icebergs or tempests, perhaps to sail stately and serene through summer seas under a summer sky.

"It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall reach the Happy Isles."

But as the mariner has his compass and the pole star, as the Israelites had the pillar of fire by night and the cloud by day, so to each is revealed the Heavenly Vision, — the special

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guidance and illumination for his own pathway. When the impatient word is repressed, and one strives for patience and serenity and love; when the uncharitable word is unsaid, the suspicion checked, and a finer — and almost invariably truer, because finer — confidence given in its place; when the aid it comes in our way to give is gladly done because it seemed a special and individual appeal, — is it not then that we are obedient to the Heavenly Vision?

> "Whatsoever thing thou doest
> To the least of mine and lowest,
> That thou doest unto Me."

The Heavenly Vision shines upon us in our ideals. There are persons who say they must live the worldly life, — the life of getting and greed and gain, because, indeed, they have not wealth, because they must "get a living," and they seem to believe that "a living" is something achieved only out of a scramble of competition and selfishness. In getting this living, they omit *to live*, — a matter that the unprejudiced mind might fancy of equal

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importance. But even this "living," whose getting appears to absorb so much ill-directed energy, is infinitely better achieved on the higher plane of unselfishness and of love. The effort to protect our neighbor in his rights and privileges best insures our own. The joy we feel in his gladness brightens our own life. The rejoicing in his prosperity is the most inevitable passport to our own, for all humanity is so closely interwoven and interlinked. To take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself, is simply to keep in the right current of noble activities, to follow the Heavenly Vision. Thus there need be no anxiety. Life becomes harmony and peace. It unfolds by a law of spiritual evolution.

We are just as much in the presence of the Lord here to-day, this hour, as we shall ever be, except that as one grows more spiritual and less material, as his perceptions are opened to spiritual things and his temperament becomes more responsive to spiritual influences, he is, of course, more in the presence of the

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Lord than when he was steeped and stifled in the material life. The man who can see possesses the sunshine more than the man who cannot see, although the sunshine is the same all the time. We are spirits now, or we are nothing. We are dwelling in the body as an instrument through which the spirit must work in order to work in a physical world. We are spirits, but spirits embodied. Does not this realization invest this part of our life with a new dignity, as well as a new responsibility? This world, so far as it is anything, is a spiritual world now, though in a cruder and lower state of development than that which the spirit enters after leaving the body. But the forces that govern it are of spirit; for there is no force but spirit. The life of vegetation is but the dawning of spiritual life. It is all under the great law of evolution.

To live truly and see clearly in this world of spiritual forces that we are in; to discern our appointed way and hearken to the angelic guidance that attends each and all of us; to discover and to follow the polarity of our own

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nature, and thus realize our own ideal, is to make life a success. This only is success. All else, without this realization, is failure. It is failure to suppose that happiness is conditioned by possessions or by surroundings. It is failure to take it for granted that happiness is not intended for this life but is to be the miracle of some other in some vague and unknown future. It is a mistake to be anxious and worried over a future, because, indeed, though we are fortunate to-day or this year, we may not be in ten years from this time. The same Power that upholds us to-day will uphold us any number of years from to-day, if we keep in touch with spiritual forces. The power is in ourselves, the impediment is in ourselves; and instead of an exclusive struggle to lay up money to provide for a far-away future, should be the effort to come into possession of the finer forces; to enter into the familiar knowledge of the apportionment and the use of our spiritual powers, whose use opens to us the infinite world; to live in touch with all this divine life that, once gained, offers to us that which

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eye hath not seen nor mind conceived, — the infinite wonder and beauty of spirituality. Only as life is held receptive to these divine influences does it become great, and worthy to receive the leading of the Heavenly Vision!

THE END.

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